Every Week

3¢

EVERY WEEK CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

EXECUTIVE OFFICES, 90 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Vol. 1 No. 6 *June 7, 1915*

A Bully Fire Story—

The Human Pendulum

HALMERS Lets the Body Breathe

Cut Your Sock Bill In Two

You can get good socks at the price of a collar.

And you will be surprised to find that these money-saving socks are also unusually satisfactory in comfort and wear.

The reason is that Ipswich 1650 Socks are SOFT KNIT—forming a cushion that comforts your corns and that doesn't cut nor break through as soon as harsh, hard, or shiny yarns. .

They are made of the best cotton, with absolutely fast dyes, in the oldest and one of the largest hosiery mills of the country.

№ 1650
IPSWICH 15¢
SOCKS
Guaranteed

If your dealer cannot supply No. 1650 Ipswich Socks, send 25c for 2 pairs, or $1.50 for a dozen; state size, color; also please give name of dealer where you buy hosiery.

If Ipswich Socks fail to give good service, return them to us with dealer's name and we will replace them or refund your money, as you prefer.

Ipswich Mills, 18 County St., Ipswich, Mass.
Founded 1822

One Minute with the Editor

Confidentially

CONFIDENTIALLY, we think that the author of next week's lead story is going to be heard on later on. In May we had two short stories by authors of national reputation,—Meredith Nicholson and Joshua Miles Forman. (By the way, this was one of the last stories that Mr. Forman wrote before the Lusitania tragedy cut short his brilliant career.) Both stories were bully.

Now comes a lead story by a newer writer, Florence Ryerson; good enough, we think, to be classed with the work of those others whose work is better known. There's fine satisfaction in this business of getting hold of writers who are new and coming. See if you agree with us that Florence Ryerson is one of that kind.

Two of the Party Were Killed

A RICH man who loves adventure and doesn't mind the cost spent $50,000 in outfitting a party to explore the wilds of South America. Two previous parties had set out for the same region, and were never heard from afterward. The rich man's party struggled back to civilization last year, bringing with it important scientific discoveries, and enough hair-raising adventures to fill a book.

Cleveland Moffett tells the story of the expedition, compressing the whole bookful into a thrilling full page. That comes next week too.

From Another Editor

TO THE EDITOR: That's a good idea of yours, running fewer stories, and publishing one story that is good enough to be called "the story of the week." In fact, I think it such a good idea that I wish I had thought of it first.

Coming

THE autobiography of the most abused man in the world,—a big league umpire. Look for it two weeks from today.

This is the most interesting picture submitted by a subscriber this week. Canaries are peculiarly sensitive to coal gas: the slightest taint in the air will cause them to succumb. So the miners use canaries as life savers. The picture shows a group at a mine where a disaster has occurred, watching the little life savers intently for the first faint sign of death in the air.

Putting It Up to Dr. Lloyd

THE QUESTION: Can a girl who has only a high school education and some business training, and has not been very much in touch with church work, be a successful minister's wife? This is the Rev. Dr. Lloyd's answer:

A GIRL with a good high school education should have received sufficient culture to fill reasonably well any ordinary social position, in a minister's home, or elsewhere. It is not necessary that every girl should go to college, and there are other ways of obtaining the culture of mind and soul necessary to sustain such a position as a minister's wife must occupy. Your business experience is no disqualification, and may indeed be a source of added strength.

If you are to become a minister's wife, you would have to adjust yourself to a good many situations that are quite new to you. You would find it an exacting position, one in which you would be subject to criticism, both reasonable and unreasonable, and you would need to consider in advance whether any of these criticisms would be just. Ministers' wives have largely the same duties that belong to other married women; but there is a range of responsibility outside of these, and it falls heavily upon the wife of a minister.

There are two great questions: First, Do you love this man with all your heart, and will you for his sake meet any hardship that may come, and do it gladly and cheerfully, and be his helper all the way? The other is, Are you heart and soul in sympathy with his work? To that he is already committed. He married that before he married you. You say you have not had much experience in church work. That in itself is no disqualification. Very likely in your work you have not been able to give much time and attention to it; but you are interested in work of that kind? If it is, and you love him, and he loves you, you can somehow adapt your lives to each other

Volume 1 Number 6

EveryWeek

June 7, 1915

He Likes Italian Faces Best

THE youngest prize exhibitor at this year's International Exposition of Photographic Arts knows what he wants. Joseph A. Popino, whose study of lower Fifth avenue on a rainy night carried off a prize, and whose portrait studies attracted much attention, means to be the photographic interpreter of the Italian-American.

"I am an American without any sort of hyphen," says the youthful artist (he casts his first vote in November); "but naturally I feel the beauty that lurks in the Italian face most keenly. I want to capture it all,—the shy, elusive beauty of the girls I know, the work-worn, patient beauty of their mothers and grannies, the beauty in the face of the day laborer who has sold his little farm and crossed the sea so confidingly to build New York her subways."

Growing Up in a Family of Ten

POPINO'S father did just that,—sold his farm in Potenza some twenty years ago and came to America with his wife and nine children. Joseph, the youngest, was born on Thompson street. Of the ten only three are alive now. It is hard to raise so large a family, and Popino Sr. has not found America the country of his dreams.

First of all there was the difficulty of illiteracy. Italy gives her sons of the divine fires of imagination and courage; but she overlooks the three R's. Then there were the strange new ways of life. The Elder Popino found that one lived in this big country in unbelievably small quarters, for which he paid a fabulously high rent.

This is the biggest natural gas gusher known. It shoots out eighty feet of flame, and at night it lights up the whole surrounding country. It is called the Pelican Gusher, and is located near Edmonton, Canada.

This is Joseph Popino, an Italian boy of twenty, who has already made himself an artist in photography. He grew up in a New York tenement, one of two brothers and sisters. The picture in the right hand corner is a portrait that he made of his father, who is a janitor.

And over here the milk does not come from cows or goats, but from strange bottles and cans, and somehow the babies die.

But by a series of small-sized miracles Joseph managed to stay through the second year of high school.

Just before leaving school Joseph joined the dramatic club and the modeling class of a West Side Settlement House. Through his friends there the opening came along that decided him to work at photography.

What They Say About Him

IT may be many years before photography is ranked as one of the arts," he says, "and of course I should love to work in oils or clay; but for a person who has to work his way along the camera is a good friend. After all, it is feeling that counts. If only I can make other people understand and love the Italian here in New York as I do, that will make me happy!"

One of Popino's most interesting studies is a portrait of his father enjoying his long-stemmed pipe after a busy day about the basement of which he is now janitor.

Older photographers say that the lad's feeling for form, coupled with his searching, sympathetic feeling for intrinsic beauty of subject, should take him a long way toward realizing his ambition. There is much mutual admiration and respect between the young Italian and the master artist and color pioneer, Arnold Genthe. "Photograph everything," Genthe tells him; "never mind lack of equipment. The highest mechanical perfection is nothing without feeling, and that, my friend, you have."

How Does He Get the Answer?

HE'S two years old, and only a dog, but he'll take his chances on arithmetic with any boy or girl of ten. How does Hector do it? Does he really think, or is there some weird psychic connection between him and his master, C. J. Tryon, which makes it possible for him to add numbers, subtract and multiply them, with such startling precision?

"Count ten, Hector!" calls his owner.

The little two-year-old poodle, seated behind his box, bows his head a moment, and closes his eyes as though in deep thought; then, lifting his right forefoot, he taps the telegraph key before him, ringing an electric bell. One-two-three, he taps, and so on until he reaches nine. There is another moment's hesitation, then the little paw moves forward again—ten, he taps, and, like any child who has performed his lesson well, settles back into his seat with a look of quiet contentment.

Hector will multiply any two numbers under ten, and tap out the answer unerringly. He will add three numbers, such as five plus seven plus four.

All kinds of explanations of Hector's peculiar power are attempted. "His master signals to him," is the most frequent one. But how shall we explain this trick? A number is written upon a slate by one member of the company, who holds it upside down on a table. The minds of all the group are then fixed upon the number, and their eyes turned toward Hector. No one speaks; no one changes his position a particle. The little dog appears conscious of the fixed scrutiny, however, for in a moment or two he stirs uneasily, and then, raising his foot while the company sits almost breathless, he taps out the number on the slate.

"I discovered Hector's wonderful power by accident," says his master, "and have developed it by the same methods as I would a child's."

This two-year-old poodle can add and multiply better than most children five times his age.

It cost $25,000 to make this moving picture film. The company bought a real pier and a real train to do it with; but the passengers were only dummies.

Should We Have a Toy Censor?

MARY L. READ, director of the New York School of Mothercraft, believes that we become what we play with. In her open air Child Garden there are no toys that teach destruction, no models of submarines or torpedo boats, no wooden guns, lead soldiers, or toy cannon. There are no flimsy toys, put together with a little uncertain glue, wabbly wooden lambs or papier mâché puppy dogs. There are no nerve-taxing toys or intricate puzzles, and there is nothing that makes an ugly noise.

But blocks, both the wooden kind and the stone kind, are to be found there. All kinds of musical toys are in high favor, along with paint boxes and colored crayons and tool boxes and sewing kits and dressable dolls and playshops and playhouses and playbarns. Kites and tops and marbles are there, cook stoves that will really heat things, and engines that will really go.

It is said that when Edith Craig, Ellen Terry's daughter, who had been brought up on Whistler etchings, was given a regulation prettified French doll, she burst into tears. A child brought up on intimate terms with genuine beauty of color, form, and sound will not in after years have to depend upon guidebooks and catalogues to tell him what he should like.

The Canary with the Farrar Voice

AMONG canaries good voices are not accidental. They are invariably the result of breeding and proper training. A bird dealer who knows his business (of those there are not a great many) will take an order for a singer of certain quality a year before the egg is laid from which it is to come.

All good singers must be reared far from unlovely noises. The breeder, when the birds are very young, weeds out the poorer voices, sells the birds cheap, and works only with the promising singers. He decides whether his bird has a properly low or high voice, puts his cage next to that of one of his mature singers that has the register of which he believes his young bird is capable, and then segregates the pupil and the teacher from all other birds. At Andreasberg, where some of the best voices are produced, the breeder often puts the pupil with a European nightingale instead of with a master canary.

Among canaries the fine singers are much more intelligent than the indifferent voices. They observe and imitate, like appreciation, and will sing best for an audience. They are fond of people, especially of yellow-haired women and tow-headed children, and distinguish perfectly between different members of a family. Their preferences in people are decided.

Often the finest singers are frugal of their best songs, and will twitter and chirp about in a rather ineffective way, throwing out an occasional trill, until, at a signal from some favorite human friend, they will take their perches firmly, throw back their heads, and pour out their best. A good singer is seldom too prodigal of his best singing, and gives it out only when he has some agreeable stimulus from the outside.

Good singers have an instinct, too, about saving their voices, and it is cruel to overwork them by stimulating them too much. Overwork ruins any voice. If a bird is expected to work in the evening, his cage should be put in a dark place for two or three hours in the afternoon. His evening song will be all the more brilliant for this, and his voice will not be overstrained.

A singer should be kept out of drafts,—they are positively fatal to him,—and should never be left in a chilly place or in a place where there is steam. Steam ruins a bird's throat. No canary should be hung in the sunshine for more than fifteen minutes; after the bath, for instance. Bright sunlight in the cage is especially bad for singers. A bird should never be encouraged to sing when he has a cold.

The cage must never be covered with a shawl or a towel, with cloth of any kind. The proper covering is a paper bag that fits close over the bottom of the cage and comes about four inches above the ring by which the cage hangs.

Too much physical exercise is ruinous to a canary's voice. If a bird is let out of his cage and allowed to fly about the room, he will sing less and less often. Soon his owner will find that the bird's best songs are but a memory. The bird never produces them again, and constant confinement in the cage does not avail to bring them back. The superfluous energy that was needed to produce his song has gone into his wings.

This is Holden, the famous bird breeder, piping to one of his best singers. The bird above is a Campanini Holden canary with a wonderful voice.

She Can Throw a Policeman

She can throw a policeman by jiu-jutsu, and swim ten miles at a stretch.

THIS is one of Philadelphia's most formidable athletes, Florence McLoughlin, age eleven.

The fact recently leaked out that Florence had overthrown in a friendly but final sort of way several stalwart members of the Philadelphia police force, who had been persuaded to meet her through the influence of her trainer, Sergeant B. Frank Rodiman.

Florence turns the trick on all comers by means of jiu-jutsu, in which subtle science she is as expert as an Oriental. And there isn't any comeback for the vanquished, such as throwing the muscular youngster off a cliff, as the villain continues to do to "Poor Pauline"; for Florence in the water is twice as invincible as Florence on land.

In 1913, when only nine years old, she swam a mile and a half in the Schuylkill River in forty-six minutes.

In August of that year she swam five miles in the same river in the remarkable time of three hours and three minutes, and when examined at the finish was pronounced in perfect physical condition.

In last July, at the age of ten, she made a wonderful swim from Philadelphia to Riverton, New Jersey, a distance of ten miles, and again in August, in the women's amateur half-mile championship race, she won third position, and lost second only by failing to touch the tape at the finish line, because of her childish ignorance of the proper thing to do on such an occasion.

The young athlete is a happy, pretty, natural little girl, noticeably different from her playmates only in that she actually likes to go to school. She brought home last June a report for the year of an average of ninety-seven and a half per cent. in all her studies.

The Human Pendulum

By

ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

THIS is a story of New York and of the thing that makes life in New York more interesting than in any other city in the world. It tells of how two men took the hundredth chance, and how, with pluck, humor, and iron nerve, they got away with it.

"The pendulum came back in another long and fearful swing. From every sash joint was now whiffing that sharp, grey, blistering smoke."

"SAVE me! Save me!"

"Sure, Madam, sure we'll save you!"

"These sort of acts is our specialty."

And then, both together:

"*For we're two of the lads of old Hook an' Ladder Three Hundred an' Eighty-eight!*"

Into the middle room of that top-floor-rear McCreary flat they had pulled the bureau, sideboard, and chest of drawers. Mounted end to end on them, and roped for security to stove and beds and doorknobs, were the kitchen and the ironing tables. And the said kitchen and ironing tables were the roof edge of a fire-engulfed apartment house.

Stomach down on the ironing table, with his off leg crooked about its off leg behind, and his head hanging far down in front, lay the first artist. With his large, red, freckly arms he was gripping the knees and hooks of the second, who likewise swung head down. And clasped to *his* fearless fireman bosom was what may be called the third, a wire-framed, wax-headed garment model in a night-dress.

The first artist was Special Driver Thomas Jackson, better known, because of his favorite oath, as Gosh. The second was First Grade Truckman John McCreary, commonly called Buck. Both were of true hook-and-ladder construction,—long and rangy and solid of joint. Obviously too, they were of Walt Whitman's tribe of "powerful, unshuttered persons." And they were at present engaged concentratedly and dramatically in the rescue of the lady with the wire frame by that "highest feat of fireman derringdo, the human pendulum."

THE human pendulum is this:

When a person on an upper window sill cannot be reached from ladder or fire escape the rescue can sometimes be made from the roof. If the cornice or parapet gives leg-hold to a fireman big and strong enough, he will let down a second fireman head first, till the person on the window sill can be grasped by him. And then that upper fireman begins steadily to swing them. By sheer muscle he gets rescuer and rescued always higher, until other hands can clutch them from above, or until, by one final, superhuman swing, he can bring them to the roof alone.

That is what the human pendulum is. And its present performers were doing everything alone.

By now too the net had all but reached breathless, thrilling, climax.

"*Oh, I fear you will let me fall!*"

The lady being unable to speak her own lines, Buck, as the lover man, was speaking them for her. But, clenched together in a regular clove hitch like that, neither in a regular clove hitch like that, who would know who was speaking? And—

"*Oh, do not*" (she continued), "*do not let me fall!*"

"*Madam*" (Gosh continued), "*we will say only this: Before we let you fall, we will fall ourselves!*"

"*Oh, you cannot do it. You will only perish, and thus lose your own lives too!*"

"*Madam, if we do it will be a pleasure for*" (again both together) "*we will be doing it for old Hook an' Ladder Three Hundred an' Eighty-eight!*"

But they were not so to perish and lose their lives. One more terrific swing, a lurching flip-luck, a smashing strain on ropes and tables and garment-moulded wires, and, with a "*Pretty good, eh?*"—"*Yeh, pretty dang good, too!*" that human pendulum could gaspingly unjoint itself and sit up perspiringly to rest.

"The Human Pendulum"—for such too was its title as a drama—had been written with a purpose,—to immortalize an unequaled record of heroism held by Hook & Ladder 388. Where ordinarily an entire fire department may make one pendulum rescue in a dozen years, 388 alone had made three in the last five. "The Human Pendulum" was to be performed that night, and within three hours, at Clarion Hall, as 388's special, top-liner contribution to the Eleventh Grand Annual Firemen's Concert and Benefit. And, as might be read on the already-quoted program, the said Act and drama of the same, "the said Act and Drama have been originated and composed by the members of the company it so greatly honors."

Nor was there any sister, wife, or lady friend of these joint members but would be at Clarion Hall to see their triumph.

"Bucky, old scout," this time Gosh was the first to be able to speak again, "she's goin' to tear 'em up—right up by the roots!"

"Nothin' to it! Jinks, did yuh hear what that flourman over at the hall was sayin'?"

"Yeh?"

"That if ever we wanted to shake the d'partment, a team like us could make everlastin' dang good money in Art!"

"Gosh! But yuh might say that he's sure the lad that'd ought to know. Well, four o' the boys'll be able to get off anyways. They'll be waitin' for us behind the scenes."

It was very hot up there under the ceiling. But their time was short. They must get in at least one last once-over. And as soon as they had mopped the heaviest of the sweat away they would begin again.

"That red fire is goin' to be great stuff, all right, all right!"

"Sure! An' the spotlight sharp he says he'll be holdin' her on us every minute. Well, yuh ready?"

"Let her go!" And, linking up, they dropped down to it.

"*Save me! Save me!*"

"*Sure, Madam, sure we'll save you!*"

"*These sort of acts is our specialty. . .*"

Again they ran it through.

But by then it was long after six. From 98th street to the hall it was a good thirty-five minutes. Buck's old woman was still "doing for" Katie, sick in Williamsburg, and they had to feed themselves. Hurrying more and more, they ate what was handiest, and shaved and dressed. And then they had to wrap and tie up the lady of the wire frame in a street garb of old newspapers. Seven had struck when finally they were turning out the gas.

AND, even at that last moment, Gosh remembered that at the Clarion they needed an extra guy line, and he had to go back to get one from their tables. No need, though, of lighting up again. It was only a matter of easing a few half kitchen. And he pulled himself up to do it.

He was feeling for the third when his fingers came strangely to a stop and he stood motionless. As nearly as Buck could make out, he seemed to be staring into the top-floor flat next door.

And, "Bucky," he half breathed at last, "easy on the noise stuff, an' come up here!"

The people in the flat across the air shaft—Zolnachy their name was—had pulled all their blinds far down. But one blind had been torn from the roller in a little dog-ear, which left an opening for vision from above. Between the bed and the hall door, which opened into that middle room, a young man was stooping over a pair of suitcases. He was in fact taking garments from those suitcases and hanging them in the big, ever-present tenement wardrobe. And the said garments all alike possessed one peculiarity,—though clearly of considerable former value, all were now soiled and crumpled, watermarked or singed.

"Do you get it?" breathed Gosh again. "My Gawd! do you get it?"

"Do I get it?"

And what they were getting was something which meant that in all human probability the performance of "The Human Pendulum" at that night's Grand Annual was therewith and definitely postponed. For the last three months 388 company, and every other company in the same division, had been in pursuit of a gang of professional tenement firemakers. And, according to all reliable information, they, Gosh Jackson and Buck McCreary, were now looking on at the first step in the preparation—and that next door to them!—of one more thorough-going rear-flat "flash."

THE average four-room tenement flat contains property worth less than $100. Is is offered insurance policies for $300,

$500, $750. And for long the result has been arson, at once a business and a finished art. When a really up-to-date band of tenement operators "salishs" fires, the tenement dweller who "accepts" one need, if timid, merely hand over his keys, take his family away for the day or the evening (as doubtless Zolnoshy was doing now), and all will be over when he comes home again.

The firebugs run little risk. They may leave evidence sufficient for the fireman and the fire marshal. But rarely do they leave any legal evidence; which, in arson, must be incredibly *legal*. The tenement householder runs practically no risk at all; for he has his alibi. He is given enough of the insurance money to make the experiment pay him well, and to make some of his intimate friends want fires. And very soon the "flashes" or "touch-offs" in a single district will number dozens. They had long since numbered that in the district covered in part by 388 company.

Again, since the tenementers' own belongings will, unaided, make the poorest of "loss claims," very often, to help them out, "phony fire stuff" is brought in. "Phony fire stuff" consists of the stored-up debris of flood and dump and previous fires. Though it has been in half a dozen previous fires, who can prove that ten minutes after the singeing and water-soaking, the treading and miring, it will receive in the fire to come? And the young man with the suitcases—he looked like a disreputable well dressed young Italian—was now bringing in his part of the Zolnoshys' "fire stuff" clothing.

He was not merely unpacking and hanging it up, he was arranging it. He was placing those things already badly singed nearest to the wardrobe doors. He was surrounding all garments not naturally inflammable with garments that were. And everywhere he was leaving good air spaces for drafts between.

But he finished at last, and, running his eye rapidly and reckoningly over such wardrobe hooks as still were garmentless, apparently to estimate what more was needed, he turned out the gas and departed.

AND, on the McCreary ironing table, two erstwhile artists of "The Human Pendulum" could let out breath again.

"Well, I'm a son of a gun!"

"Say, wouldn't it—wouldn't it eat you up?"

Their eyes turned to where, palely outlined beside the door, the lady of wire and wax seemed already to be gazing at them apprehensively.

And well she might; for,—what need to say it?—when compared with the duty of preventing crime, even "Human Pendulum" acts must become as things of naught.

"But, Lord! o' course it couldn't come on any other night but this—not in a million years!"

"Will I chance pikin' it," asked Buck, "an' gettin' it to the firehouse? I could do it in ten minutes. An' they—they could 'phone the hall."

"We couldn't risk it. Maybe they're ready to pull her now—an' one of us wouldn't be enough alone. What's more, if they're pullin' her P. D. Q., no need of data' any 'phonin'; for we don't go on till near to intermission. An', by Gosh! maybe we'll have the time to make her yet!"

"Sure—sure!" Buck too went through the motions of deluding himself with that hundredth chance. "Likely we'll be able to nail 'em both."

IF they pulled her P. D. Q!" But the gentlemen arranging the flash in those Zolnoshy rooms were in no hurry whatsoever.

The thing that would make it seem almost impossible to prepare a fire, with everybody still about in a crowded tenement, is the thing that makes it easiest. In the average six-story "double decker" there will be more than twenty families, most of them with boarders, and half are ceaselessly moving in or moving out. The janitress herself does not pretend to know them all. Strangers with suitcases (the "boarders," as they are often known, of the tenement firebug business) are noticed as little as they would be in the street outside.

IN some fifteen minutes the Zolnoshy door was opening to another.

He might have been a brother of the first. He too brought more clothing—and hats. Even the little Zolnoshys were well provided for. Then his suitcases began to yield chair drapes and mantel decorations, second-hand table covers and third-hand dittos for bureau and dresser. A pair of unspeakable portieres followed, and two silk-quilted bedspreads in even worse condition.

Merely to put so many things in their proper places took much time. A certain Grand Annual Concert and Fireman's Benefit, for example, had by now reached its fourth number—with a delegation from 388 company in the wings gnawing at their fingers with anxiety.

But at last that second "boarder" had finished. And, strapping up, he turned out the gas and in his turn departed.

AN' you too," choked Gosh, "we're goin' to get too—sometime! Lord! only that it ain't legal evidence till you've flared your match!"

Buck was flaring one now. And, glimpsing an ancient dollar watch, he saw what he knew already,—it was nearly nine.

"But that's all right, see," he said doggedly, "that's all right. Likely we've got the time to make her yet."

"Meanwhile," said Gosh, "me to see that the way to the Zolnoshys is all clear."

He slipped noiselessly down and out into the hall, and rapidly reconnoitered the stairway and scuttle that opened upon the roof. In such tenement rows the roof, save for the airshafts, is level and continuous. Like their own, the house next door gave access from it through an open scuttle. And when the awaited moment came, in twenty jumps they would be able to cover both Zolnoshy exits, the door and the fire escape, together.

"All O. K!" No time would be wasted there.

"He wasted no time. Like the man before him, he carried a pocket flash."

AND it was barely five minutes till that Zolnoshy door was letting in the individual who has been called the "fixer with the tin pail."

The tin pail—when there is a tin pail—contains benzin, or "gas," or "clean alcohol," or some combination of the same. It is carried up those tenement stairs publicly and without fear, because in the average tenement a dozen such pails are used nightly for the carrying in of beer. And, since the pail is covered, who would know if it contained nitroglycerin?

Needless to say its present bearer lit no gas. But he had a pocket flash, and he could be seen steering himself through to the kitchen. There he opened the window, and, by the sounds, set the pail outside upon the fire escape. Plainly he was first going to do some preliminary "fixing."

Fire will not of itself run readily from room to room. And a really successful tenement "touch-off" must first burn slowly for long enough to let the "touch-off man" make his get-away; and then burn with all possible speed to destroy all betrayals and to make the loss complete by the time the firemen can break in.

The present "fixer" was making sure that the Zolnoshys' fire would do all that. Room after room he "fixed"; while two watchers on the ironing table hooked and unhooked their fingers, looking to the moment when he should return to the kitchen window and the tin pail. As they lay there their bell began to ring. And it rang and rang again. But they let it ring. In about another two minutes now, in just about another two minutes—

"Gosh!"

Leaving the tin pail untouched, that "fixer" had shut his flash and opened the door and slipped away like the two before him. The actual "touch-off" man was still to come.

"Could you beat it?"

"*Could* you beat it?"

And for the present they spoke no more about the Clarion.

"Bucky, old scout," said Gosh, "if they lay on the fluid like they've done their fixin', an' I guess they will, we can't take the chance alone. I'll try to hold things here while you beat it down to the house and have them have an engine ready."

THE McCreary flat was on 98th street, and the firehouse of 388 company on 92d. The runner resulted it speechless.

But Foxy Creel, "on the desk," spoke for him. "Well—what the blazes! The bunch at the hall have been burnin' the 'phones for you. I send Johnny up, an' he reports you've left, an' the flat is dark. Say, you ain't welshin' on her? You ain't—"

"Welshin' nothin'!" he cried. And, as he got his breath he told him all he needed. "No, an' we don't want anyone else—on the side. Get a man up on 98th that can take a wigwag from the roof. Have 388 engine planted with you round the corner. And that'll be all required from you. (An' if you're askin' about the Pendulum—you can tell the boys that—by Jamsel may be she'll be swingin' yet!"

STILL inextinguishable beam of hope! And they were still hoping, and the Zolnoshy rooms were still in darkness and silence, when—it seemed hours later—some neighboring clock began to strike. It was only ten; but it was enough.

"No use, Bucky."

"Aw, t'hell—t'hell!"

And at last they gave it up.

AND at Clarion Hall they had likewise given it up.

When first the chairman, the Hon. Chauncey O'Niel, announced that "owing to the performers of the number known as 'The Human Pendulum' not having as yet arrived, the said number will be temporarily postponed," there was every belief that that postponement was only temporary. In fact, ten minutes later announcement could be made that other members of 388 company, present to assist the performers, had learned by telephone that Messrs. Jackson and McCreary were on their way, and accordingly they might now be expected to appear at any time.

But they did not appear at any time. They did not appear in time to take the next number, nor the next, nor the next.

When intermission came it was prolonged for a quarter of an hour, in the hope that all might then be well. In vain. By then, indeed, the rumor had been spread abroad—though it found no believers—that the artists of "The Human Pendulum" had not yet left their rooms.

Whether they had or not, another number had to be taken, and another. And in the end, amid general wonder and resentment, the still unshaken resistance of 388's delegation behind the scenes, and the stupefaction of its sisters, wives, and lady friends, the Hon. Chauncey had to announce that the *chef d'œuvre*, the *pièce de résistance*, the peerless top-line act of that year's Grand Annual, could no longer be called.

IT was perhaps ten minutes after that on 98th street the Zolnoshy door opened once more, and the gentleman for whom the tin pail had been left arrived.

He wasted no time. Like the man before him, he carried a pocket flash; and like him, he used it to light himself directly to the kitchen and the fire escape. Another minute, and the dull clinking of the pail said that he had gone to work.

He finished the kitchen first. Then he laid his train in the second room. Now he was in the middle room again. He passed from it to the fourth and last. And now, once more, he was working his way back to the kitchen.

"That's the dope—that's the dope—all right!" Buck followed him ineffably. "Poor simps has held the sack times enough to know you've got the fire-stuff dope all right!"

"An' if the whole bug bunch of you was in there now, there might be some thing in it for us after all—or even if we could put it up to the big bugs. But you alone, Gosh—I reckon we could choke it out of—"

AND then from the kitchen they caught the reflection of a small, greenish, sickly, fireily glimmering.

"Come on!"

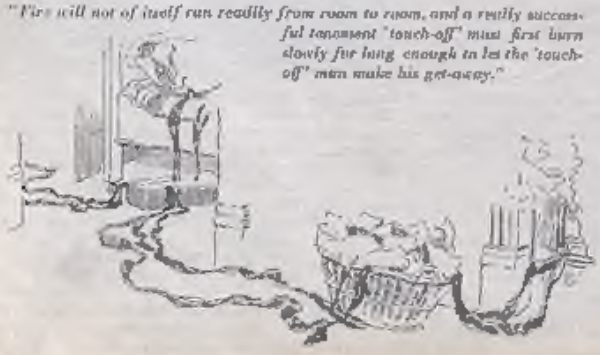
"Jump him!"

They flipped to the floor like cats. At the door Gosh stumbled and fell over something,—the still unresented lady of wire and wax.

"Ah, far enough for yours!" he cried. "It's been all off for Art an hour ago."

Buck was already on the roof.

"Fire will not of itself run readily from room to room, and a really successful tenement 'touch-off' must first burn slowly for long enough to let the 'touch-off' man make his get-away."



we're goin' to nail one little torch-man, anyways!"

He sped around the airshaft, across to the next house scuttle stairs, and down the half-flight to the Zolnochy hall.

Meanwhile Gosh too was once more hot upon his heels. He ran to the front of the roof, did his wigwagging, and then whipped back to his place above the fire escape. If that "torch-" or "touch-off man" did not show himself at the one gets away, he must show himself at the other. Could anything be surer?

ONLY this: For once a very slight miscalculation in the use of that tin pail, and for once a fire so instant and leaping that within ten seconds it had barred the fire escape. Within twenty it was raising a blue-green wraith, through the second room and the third—and the door was barred! And, within some fifteen seconds after that, to Gosh upon the roof there began to come, seemingly from the airshaft, a kind of gibbering cry for help.

"Bucky!" he yelled. "Bucky!"

And they ran to it together.

Their man had fought his way out through the middle-room window, had managed too to force it down behind him, which, for several minutes, would keep the fire inside. He was standing on the sill, clinging to a big clothes-line hook. And as he stared upward, "Safe me!" he was crying, "Safe me!"

"Well, I'm a son of a gun!" said Thomas Gosh Jackson, and "Wouldn't that—wouldn't that eat you up?" said John Buck McCreary; for if that "torch-man" was to be saved at all, a thing that at least seemed necessary, they could do it only by "that highest feat of fireman derringdo, the Human Pendulum!"

FROM the street outside there whirled up to them first a shouting, and then the sirening, gonging oneome of 300 engine and 388 truck. The house itself too was now wildly awakening. And within three minutes, to make a way for the water, the men of 388 would have their work in clearing the strangled halls.

But from neither street nor halls could anyone see the airshaft. And again, the human vocabulary being limited under conditions of stress, "Safe me!" screamed the man who had made the fire. "Ah, *mein Gott*, safe me!"

"Oh, sure! Nothin' to it!" "Sure we'll save you! Ain't you heard us rectin' it for a month? These nets is our specialty."

Just behind that airshaft parapet, and a half-dozen feet to the right of the window, was an iron vent pipe, the ideal leghold. Gosh crooked himself to it, and with the swift dexterity of unnumbered rehearsals Buck went down and over him. Gosh's large, rooty arms and wrists knotted themselves around Buck's hooks and knees. Another moment, and they would be under way in their full swing.

But at the last moment Gosh balked. Exasperation itself had suggested the opportunity. And, "By-r Gosh!" he said, "we've got a minute anyways—the time it'd take him to wise us to that boarder bunch. An' that'd square us some!"

"Sure! Sure!" Not less instantly and impulsively did Buck grasp at it. "We ain't any third-degree men. But, by Gee—" and then to the figure trying writhingly to reach him from the clothes-line hook, "By Gee! before we get you we just want to know who them boarders was."

"Boarders! I swear to *Gott*—"

"Shoot it, now, shoot it! For once them winda' panes reach out—"

In point of fact, once that had taken place the position of all three of them would be substantially the same.

"Shoot it! Oh, no! No, you don't. Not yet!"

"Oh, *Schweinhund!* If it was my last hour— An' they wouldeat my heart oudt!"

"Not if you roast here first. An' by Gee—"

"Padula!" It came in a shriek. "Nick an' Mike Padula. You know, by the Car Barn Gang by Afeune A."

They did know! The Car Barn Gang was about the best known of political-cadet and gun-fighting gangs on the upper East Side. Nick and Mike Padula were the personal lieutenants of its local padrone-boss protector.

WELL, I'm a— An', by Jinks! just for that I'm goin' to ask him another!"

"What he" Oh, *zum Teufel*—"

"Your fixer lad—where do we get to him?"

Behind that "torch-man" on the sill those Zolnochy rooms now seemed full of fire. "You are crazies!" he yelled raucously. "You are madt alretty! You will burn yourselds!"

"Sure we're mad—dang mad. An' with everlastin' dang good cause! That fixer?"

"Herron—Maxey Herron!" Again it came in a shriek. "He is a barkeep—in the oldt man's place in Williamsburg."

"Could you beat it?"

"Say, wouldn't that—wouldn't that—"

For the "old man" was that district boss and protector himself.

"But, Lord, Bucky, you better get him now!"

"Sure." And, taking Gosh's motion, a second swing brought him almost near enough to make his catch. "Oh-h no! I'll find the hold—because we want you to keep on talkin' —an' if you don't—"

Again Gosh swung him in. In a twitch he had found his hold—by the shoulders. And next moment they were bucketing back through space in their first real pendulum sweep.

"An' now—the old man —for you betcha he's in it too himself—how do we get the goods on him?"

"*Ach—Himmel und Erde!* For security that he gets hiss—I—I get him the police."

"Gawd!" The pendulum came back in another long and fearful swing. And from that sixth-floor level the black but ruddiest airshaft bottom looked as deep as the floor of hell. The voice of panic, too, that now came from every room and hall below was the voice of hell. "Gawd! we'd ought to—let you drop. But your fire stuff—where does it come from?"

"From Messing's— the Empire Bargain Store—on First afenue. An' Messing—he lives everything—oh, *mein Gott!*" And again he took the downward jerk. From every sash joint, too, of that middle window there was now whiffling that sharp, gray, blistering smoke which must turn to spouting flame at any moment.

"Go on—go on!"

"He fixes the broiler an' adjuster. They are together alretty at the Capitol—at Hoddo's elder *Stube*—tonight. All on Messing's expense book too. They haf made forty, fifty, touch-offs—"

And—barely in time—with one last heave and swing that human pendulum, and the evidence for a most memorable, comprehensive, and satisfying arson trial, came safely to the roof.

THEY were still lying where they had rolled when two fellow members of 388 company, in dress uniforms, tried desperately to burst their way past the truck and pipemen down below. They had just come from Clarion Hall, orally and in a taxi, with a pause en route to get information at the firehouse.

"It's all right, too! It's all right!" they kept repeating. "They've got the time to make it yet. If they'll only beat it now—you ran 'phone them we're a comin',—by James the act'll be a re'lar grand funalley!"

A'F the Eleventh Grand Annual Firemen's Concert and Benefit the Hon. Chauncey was making one last preliminary announcement and explanation. Though late the hour, no seat had yet been emptied, and the rapt hundreds sat expectant.

"And Ladies and Gents," he continued, "far and on the contrary from havin' to make any apology for said delay, I am now in a position, and I say it with new pride in this the greatest fire department in the world—I am now in a position to inform you of the circumstances why the said delay has been caused and taken place. Ladies and Gents—"

Concealed only in part by the scenery of the act, one member of "The Human Pendulum" company moved rapidly backward, his large, red Adam's apple rose two inches, and "Well, I'm a son of a gun!" he said. While from beside him, in a voice already thick with nervousness, there came a "Wouldn't that—wouldn't that eat you up?"

But neither artist could have had less real cause for apprehension. The curtain rose upon an audience already thundering its artistic commendation. The red fire leaped. From her window sill the lady of wax and wire leaned inspiringly. The spotlight centered to its appointed work. And—verbatim and without an error—

"*Save me! Save me!*"

"*Sure, Madam, sure we'll save you!*"

"*These sort of acts is our specialty!*"

How Men Die

By JOHN H. LLOYD

I AM a minister, and have seen many men die. Physicians give less opportunity for contrast now than in former years. When they see death approaching they administer sedatives, and patients sleep their lives away. Yet it is not always so.

One of the most inspiring scenes I have witnessed was the death of a good man who refused to lose a single minute of his consciousness. When he knew that he was dying he refused the anodyne that his physician had prepared for him. He asked how long he might probably live, and was told that it might be an hour, or two, or four, but could not be long. He asked his wife to summon three or four of his best friends by telephone. His minister was already there. Propped up in bed, and steadily growing weaker, watching himself die, yet with thoughts above death, he talked on great themes, so long as he was able to talk, on life and duty, and the joys that had been his, of employees and people in need whom he wished cared for, and almost to his last breath, fully conscious, he slipped away. Such a death is one of the noblest exhibitions of character, measured at high tide.

I have seen a coward die, cringing, frightened, "driven to his dungeon like a quarry slave." I have seen a brave man die, to whose pure life death had no terrors.

Recently I was at the deathbed of an old soldier. He had been a brave man, but a reticent one. In his early life he had been interested in religious matters; but there came to him a terrible shock, and he never recovered from it. He had a little son whom he loved, and the boy was taken sick. The father caught an hour away from the boy's bedside to attend to some necessary business, and in that hour the child died without warning. The father was stunned by the blow. He was by inheritance a Scot Covenanter, and when his faith was shaken it seemed to break. All his life he lived in uprightness, but no one ever heard him speak of his faith. When he was dying and knew it, I stood by him, and said:

"You have lived your life and spoken to no man of your faith; but before you leave this world would you like to say to your family that you are trusting God, and would you like to have me pray?"

For answer he pressed my hand, and into that clasp he put the silent, wounded faith of years, and died with a smile.

I have seen men face what they thought was certain death, and have seen the cringing of the coward and the fine heroism of the brave man. I was diagonally across the street from the Iroquois Theater in Chicago on that fatal day when it took fire, and was early on the ground before a crowd gathered. The panic-stricken people were still emerging from the exits when I got there. Some of them did not know that there was really any danger. Some were scolding because they had left their wraps in the checkroom. I talked with people as they came out before they knew or anyone knew that there had been a single death. I saw the foolhardy joker who came out laughing; I saw the tittering chorus girl suddenly thrust into the street in her tights; I saw people in abject terror; I saw men brave and strong.

I saw the first fireman enter the building just as the flame and hot air confined behind the prosceniuna arch burst out, the beleh of death that killed so many people in their seats. When that occurred this first fireman was on a ladder set against the frame of the window above the front entrance. He was midway up the ladder when the heavy plate glass, loaded and ponderous, fell outward and broke on him. He had a second's warning to the crash above, bent forward a little, and received the weight on his helmet and shoulders, reeled, and seemed about to fall; but, though bruised and cut, he went on up the ladder and entered the inferno, followed by a whole line of others. There were no reporters on the ground at the time. No great crowd witnessed it; but I saw how a brave man goes to almost certain death.

"Next!"

By
EDWARD HUNGERFORD

In this number Edward Hungerford begins a series of articles giving inside figures and inside facts of some typical American businesses. Each article is written from first-hand investigation; each one gives a remarkable picture of the conditions that surround each business, of the factors that make for success or failure in it, of the risks, opportunities, earnings, and drawbacks that a man encounters in each calling. Mr. Hungerford's next article will deal with "The American Hotel."

As a leveler of caste and a bulwark of social democracy the Shop of the Striped Pole is to be at once compared with the voting booth and the jury box,—where each man is the peer of every other man and sharing equally the Republic's privileges of life, liberty, freedom, etc. You may be the chief man in your town,—and let us hope that you are,—but when you step within the door of the Shop of the Striped Pole the head barber looks up for a single moment from his chair, smiles his impartial smile of greeting to all good customers, and merely says:

"There are only five ahead of you, Mr. Blinks."

With three chairs working and two of them engaged upon somewhat complicated performances, you look dubiously at the prospect. It is Saturday,—a short day even in your town, which has not acquired all the metropolitan vices as yet. There is to be a meeting of the directors out at your factory, and you also must make the bank before the noon whistle blows. After that Jinks is going to take you out to lunch and a couple of rounds at the Country Club, and you do not know when you will be back. After that —an oasis of barbering until Monday noon, and you pass the plate tomorrow morning in church.

You recount these things quickly in your mind. There is another shop at the new hotel, but it is sure to be more crowded; another down near the carriage works, but it has foreign barbers; then you have come to this shop for eighteen years now, and—

You slink meekly into a seat and pick up a comic paper, three weeks old and badly thumbed. At another time you might enjoy it; but now you are thinking of the time you are going to waste until the two mechanics from the paper mill, old Dr. Hedges, the Jinks' chauffeur, and a weasel-faced stranger in town, shall have had their opportunity and your time is come. You fuss and fume—inwardly. At heart you are an aristocrat. You drop the comic weekly and pick up a religious one—and find ironic joy in so doing. Finally in your ears this:

"All ready, Mr. Blinks."

It is your favorite barber,—the favorite barber of all the wise men of the town. He tucks you in as a mother might tuck in her child, and runs his fat finger over your jowls as a butcher might inspect a fresh carcass in from the storehouse. But you like it—you honestly do! The splash of the lather on your cheek has a feeling of enchantment, while in your ears there runs the music of the choice gossip of the town. In the chair the time goes quickly. There is gay banter as well as a democracy in the place, and before you know it you are sitting upright again, and the barber is softly asking:

"Isn't it about time we tackled the hair once again?"

What a Barber Earns

THAT is one of his perquisites, and in a profession that goes back into dim centuries and proudly announces itself as the mother profession of modern surgery, perquisites count for something. In the modern barber shop in the modern city they count for something definite. The journeyman barber may be paid only $10 or $12 a week,—rarely more than that, except perhaps on the Pacific Coast, where all labor commands higher prices,—but in almost every case he receives a commission of from twenty to thirty-three per cent. on his weekly earnings over, say, $25. Then there are special commissions paid sometimes on the sale of hair tonic and other condiments.

After which there remain the tips, always a problematical figure, and dependent largely upon the skill and cordiality of the barber. So it will be seen in an instant that the barber, like the waiter and the sleeping-car porter, draws his real income not from his employer, but from his patrons. And this is not a tradition that goes back through centuries of barbering. It came in with the tipping habit, one of the European nuisances that we have imported.

For even such established institutions as barber shops do progress. It was a long time ago that the ancient profession of the cupper and the leecher was married to the able profession of the shoe shiner. And more recently others have come,—the chiropodist and the manicure (who is an institution of herself, and therefore deserves her own story).

Some big modern shops, particularly those situated in or near the large railroad terminals, have complete bath and dressing rooms, and valet service in addition. But the once familiar swinging sign of the tin bathtub, which always used to hang adjacent to the Striped Pole, has disappeared. The private bathtub has become one of the Great American Institutions

Barber Shop 20 Years from Now

WILL the barber shop itself disappear as well? There are some worldly wise folk who aver that they already see signs of its forthcoming disintegration. They will call your attention to the number of your friends who today shave themselves —perhaps you yourself have that cleanly and efficient habit. And the roll seems to be growing constantly.

"Barber shops, yes," they will tell you; "but not to shave in. The barber shop of the future will be a hair-cutting establishment simply and entirely."

And, as if in support of this theory, they can show you right in the heart of the city of New York two or three shops in which a man could no more hope for a shave than in a cigar store or a tango palace. And there is a smart old shop foreman down in the Wall Street district whose name is almost as well known as any of the big brokers there, who can tell you of the changing taste of his patrons.

"Those fellows uptown who will only cut hair are really French beard cutters," he says; "but they get away with it pretty well, just as my old boss used to get away with it with his name and 'Hair Cutter' underneath it stuck up in the biggest gilt letters on the door. The big bugs would wait for him to tackle their hair, and get a worse job of it than they would have had at any other chair in the shop. Still, that's all in the day's work.

"I can see the difference in the business these days myself, though. Twelve or fifteen years ago, and I'd have eighteen or twenty shaves and perhaps half a dozen jobs of hair-cutting, shampooing, and the like. Now I won't shave more than five or six men in the passing of a single day. But the shop keeps just as many chairs, and every chair is just as busy as then, because more men come to it, and because every man wants more work these days: not only hair-cutting, but shampooing, singeing, facial massage,—all those things that used to be looked on as dudified, but now have become a part of every business man's routine."

Side Lines the Salvation

IT is the development of special side lines, then, that has saved the barber shop, just at the very time that the safety razor threatened its very existence. But before the crisis arose there were shops that did not hesitate at specialties, nor at applying them by brute force. There is a tradition that in one of the historic hotels in downtown New York a countryman once paid $12.45 after a single session in its barber shop, and was fortunate in escaping with his life.

By singular coincidence it was probably the barber himself who was the beginning of the popular craze for the safety razor. Not by his own methods or lack of cleanliness so much, as by his own autocratic position, did he give strength to his new opponent. He had forgotten one thing. He had forgotten that to a man whose beard grows fast and black an open shop each day of the week is a necessity, just as an open drugstore each day of the week is a necessity. Drugstores and railroads and newspapers and telephone exchanges manage to operate seven days a week by giving their employees Sundays scattered through the week.

But the barber would not see it that way. He sought to work each of his men seven days a week, and long hours in addition. They rebelled. And in one State after another the men, working through their well organized unions, secured the passage of laws closing the barber shops all day Sunday.

These laws still hold. And getting a shave on Sunday in many towns deserves to be reckoned among the great American adventures. It is quite out of the question, unless you are willing to pay a barber privately and have him come to your house on Sabbath morning, or else have a friend who is running a hotel. In this last case you will probably be examined more minutely than a German suspect going into the English lines, and, having passed this examination successfully, will be conducted through a small door beyond the bellboys' bench, through devious and winding back halls and alleys, to be eventually let into an unused storeroom where a nervous barber hovers over an improvised chair, and between uncertain strokes dreams of the police and a jail sentence.

You Can't Shave in Cincinnati

SUCH cities as New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and New Orleans proclaim their metropolitanism by permitting their barber shops to run openly and legally on Sunday. Boston has the advantage of a Massachusetts statute permitting hotel guests to be shaved in their own rooms. And in a good many other cities the hotels have made such a statute for their own convenience. The State laws are almost always forbidding on this point. Theaters may run, films do likewise, soda fountains gurgle, but if a man wishes to be shaved in a barber shop on Sunday he is immediately classed among the felons.

There is variation, of course, in the way these State laws are observed. In Cleveland a man may be shaved quietly in a shop on Sunday. In Cincinnati the thing is absolutely taboo. In Kansas City you may be publicly scraped; but in St. Louis, in the same State, one must go unshaved or else cross the bridge to East St. Louis—which is nearly as bad. In Atlanta you are shaved on Sunday by an aged and badly scared negro, who charges you five times the regular tariff for trembling on the verge of a jail settlement; but in Savannah—well, Savannah is not in the same State as Atlanta.

The immediate result of these various laws in regard to opening barber shops on Sunday was to boom the safety-razor trade. A man had more necessity of being clean-shaved on Sunday than on almost any other day. And having solved the problem by shaving himself, it followed as only a matter of natural course that he would shave himself each day of the week. So the barbers found themselves shaving six men a day instead of sixteen, and the business for its very existence has fallen back upon the development of its specialties. Men cannot cut their own hair. The barber thanks Heaven for that.

Other businesses, indispensable and highly profitable, are being gathered into the chain-store systems across the country. The barber shops, apparently being neither indispensable nor highly profitable, have so far escaped this process of economic evolution.

Gives Bargain Shaves

A SMART barber who runs a shop in a city in the middle part of the country has worked out an ingenious plan for the development of his own business. His shop is situated on a side street, near the residence section of the town that has business. His rent is low; but his location is not such as to draw much transient business. Yet he runs eighteen chairs, and keeps them filled almost all day long. This man has worked out an ingenious scheme. If you wish to become a regular patron of his shop, he will sell you on the first day of each month a card, which entitles you to a daily shave, two haircuts, and two shampoos. This card costs you three dollars, and is a great saving—if you can reach his shop regularly. Even if you do this, and use the card down to its last punch-mark, the boss smiles on you pleasantly. He is not losing. He is bringing to his shop the life-blood of any business,—steady income.

A successful shop or store, a retail business of any sort, is rarely built up on what an engineer would call a "peak load." The smart boss barber in Ohio has already learned that. And if a great large syndicate of barber shops should ever come into being, you may count upon him as leading it.

Who Was Marie Dupont?

By ADELE LUEHRMANN

CHAPTER X

HUGH SENIOR laughed. "If those stones were real, they would be worth a fortune."

"They look real."

"What are you talking about, Amarinth?" Hugh took the necklace from the other's hand and examined it with frowning eyes. "Real? Look at the size of them—those pearls, for instance!"

"Oh, they're not valuable: only baroque. But the emeralds—"

"Emeralds? Green glass! And these colorless stones—surely you don't dream that they are diamonds! They are not brilliant enough."

"That might be the way they are cut," Guy ventured doubtfully. "I may be mistaken. I—I hope I am."

"I'm sure you are. Paris is full of imitation jewelry—very clever some of it is too."

"You never asked her about it, you say?"

"No. I have never even told Mrs. Thorley that I have it. Does that strike you as odd? Well, I didn't see either one of them for a year after the accident; not until the following summer. At first I expected my aunt to write me that the necklace had been asked for; but she never did. When I went over I took it with me. I intended to give it to Marie. It belonged to her; besides I thought it might rouse her memory. But when I saw her—well, somehow I couldn't bring myself to do it. It's such a tawdry affair, so unlike her, that I couldn't bear the idea of her connecting herself with it, as she would have done."

"And you have never shown it to anyone?"

"Never."

Amarinth hesitated. "Would you object to an expert examining it?" he finally brought out.

"You're not convinced?" Hugh asked with a keen glance at him.

"I want to be sure that you're right, that's all. Of course I don't see how it could be real—"

"It couldn't be—it's impossible. But I think you have a right to reassure yourself. The only condition I make is that you do not mention my name or Marie's in the matter."

"Certainly not."

Hugh held out the necklace, remarking as Amarinth took it from him, "Did you notice that there seems to have been some sort of pendant attached to that middle cluster? It looks as if it had been broken off, doesn't it?"

Guy nodded. "Could it have happened in the accident, do you think?"

"I don't know. If it had fallen off then, it is reasonable to suppose that it would have been found inside her clothes when the doctor examined her. But it was not."

Guy wrapped the necklace again and put it into a pocket. "I will return it as soon as possible," he said. "I'll take it to Rice & Lozier—I know them there."

"Yes, they're all right, I dare say."

The door closed, and Hugh sank back into his chair.

"Suppose he's right? Suppose it is real?" he muttered.

IN the brain of young Amarinth the same thoughts pounded as he made his way to the street. He felt bewildered. Crises had been few in his well ordered existence. Never had he faced one that, like this, threatened to wrench him from his comfortable moorings. Life had always seemed simple enough,—if a sharp wave seemed imminent, if one had the right traditions and thought straight, he couldn't go wrong. But now—

"Don't marry a woman that you will have to explain!"

His mother's advice had always seemed to cover the ground. Explain to one's friends, to society, had been its meaning. What would she have said to a girl whom one could not explain even to oneself?

The story he had just heard struck him as utterly fantastic. That it should be the story of a girl he even knew was incredible enough, but that the girl should be his wife!

His problem was not so simple as Hugh Senior supposed. He could not honorably advance or retreat, as he chose. A retreat was still possible; but only through the painful process of an annulment.

The thought of it caused him a swift physical recoil. He wheeled and started up the street, and the bodily activity brought with it a mental impulse. He would go straight to Gavock.

What a different aspect the latter's encounter with Marie now presented! How damnably it dovetailed with what he had since learned! Gavock had said he had mistaken her for someone he had known in Paris, someone now dead. Well, Marie had been in Paris, and no doubt to all her former acquaintances must now be counted as dead. But had Gavock spoken the truth? Did he really believe himself mistaken? And even so, was he mistaken?

The thought suggested to Guy his wisest course of action. If Gavock believed himself to have been mistaken, misled by a resemblance, he would probably talk freely. If he had lied, he would of course have a plausible story ready to cover the lie. Well, the wonderful Paris police records had shattered many plausible stories!

Amarinth set his teeth hard, and the blood throbbed against his temples. He would be no man's fool! It was his right to know all that any man knew about this girl who was his wife.

GAVOCK'S hotel was the Crustacea; but Gavock was not there when Guy arrived. Nothing remained then to do but go at once to a jeweler's and return later. He would probably catch Gavock about luncheon time.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

GUY AMARINTH, very much in love with a young girl of his acquaintance, Marie Dupont, one night persuades her to run away from a ball and marry him. They have hardly concluded this impulsive act when Amarinth discovers to his dismay that his young wife has had a very ambiguous past.

From her guardian, Hugh Senior, he learns that Marie's real identity is unknown. Seven years before Senior was motoring early one morning in Paris when he accidentally ran down a girl in the street. He carried her to his aunt's home, and in a day or two she recovered, but she had lost all memory of her life up to the time of the accident. No inquiries could unearth her identity. She was dressed at the time as a Paris working girl, but round her neck was a curious necklace, apparently of paste. Senior and his aunt, feeling responsible for the girl's situation, adopted her and called her Marie Dupont.

Young Amarinth is disagreeably affected by this revelation. Mysterious hints have already come to him that Marie resembles a professional dancer of not too flawless reputation, who used to dance in Paris cafés. When Senior shows him the necklace that was found on Marie's neck Amarinth declares that the stones are genuine.

At Rice & Lozier's luxurious shop he was informed that the gem expert was at that moment not in, but that they had another man, a very good judge of stones.

Amarinth hesitated an instant. He would see the other man, he said.

He took the package from his pocket, and as he removed the paper wrapping he was conscious that his hands were trembling visibly. As the necklace slid on the mat placed for it he glanced up quickly.

The jeweler's eyes dilated suddenly. "Why!" he emitted in astonishment. He picked up the necklace and held it up before him where it caught the light fully, letting his glance travel slowly over its entire length. Twice he shifted his gaze for an instant to Amarinth.

"Do I understand that you wish to know the exact value of this?" he asked.

Amarinth nodded.

"I could not say offhand, of course. That would require detailed examination. The piece is undoubtedly very old, and gem setters, particularly of the oriental countries, were likely to carry out color schemes regardless of the quality of the material they employed. Some of the stones may not be genuine. May I ask if it belongs to you?"

No," Amarinth returned a trifle unsteadily, "I am considering buying it—as an antique. What I want to find out is its intrinsic value, quite apart from its value as an antique."

The man gave a short, odd laugh and looked at Amarinth curiously. "I should say that its value as an antique is practically nothing compared with its intrinsic value. All these larger stones seem to be genuine."

"Emeralds and diamonds?"

"Yes. If they were recut as we cut today, their brilliance would be multiplied a hundred times."

"Is it French?"

"French? Oh, no. The French have never conceived anything so strong or barbaric in style. Do you know its history?"

"No."

Once more Amarinth was conscious of surprised curiosity in the keen look that covered him in an instant.

"There seems to have been a pendant attached here at one time. It was broken off."

"Evidently," said Guy shortly, holding out his hand for the jewels.

The man appeared not to see the gesture. "Mr. Stanislas, our expert, will be able to appraise and classify it exactly for you. I hope you will wait, or perhaps leave it for him. It is a remarkable piece from any point of view. No doubt it has an interesting history. As to that also Mr. Stanislas could probably give you information. Most of the very fine old pieces have been described and their histories recorded."

"When will he return?" Guy asked.

"Within an hour, possibly."

"Is Mr. Lozier here? I'd like to see him."

The jeweler despatched a young salesman for Lozier, who presently appeared and greeted Amarinth cordially by name. He was an affable, white-haired little man.

"I have a necklace here that I should like to leave for your expert to appraise for me."

"Certainly. I will give you a receipt for it," said Lozier.

"That won't be necessary so long as I leave it in your hands," Guy said, adding as he turned away, "I'll return for it this afternoon."

He hurried away, hardly waiting for a reply. His head was spinning, the blood pounding in his veins. He drank in the cold outer air like a drunken man.

LOZIER put on his glasses and looked at the necklace. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed.

"That young chap must have money to

What Pictures Are Wo

Here are a dozen that you ought to know, says Lorinda Munson Be

Loaned by Hispanic Society of America to Metropolitan Museum, N. Y.

Nobody can paint water like Sorolla y Bastida. Several of his paintings are in the Metropolitan Museum, among them this one, "After the Bath."

But Sorolla's are not all water pictures; for this one, "Another Marguerite," the poor peasant girl who has murdered her own child, is hanging in the City Art Museum, St. Louis.

Rosa Bonheur, who, dressed in the blouse and pantaloons of a French peasant, visited the fairs to make her study of animals, is represented in the Wilstach collection, Philadelphia, with this picture, "Barbara After the Hunt."

The Middle West, as well as the East, has its treasures. This powerful landscape, "On the Somme," by Elmer Schofield, hangs in the John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis.

Thomas W. Dewing's ... ders and finely ... elegant and graceful ... is in the Altman ...

Jean François Millet, the glorifier of peasant life, whose "Angelus" is one of the best loved paintings in the world, is represented in the Chicago Art Institute by this homely subject, "Bringing Home the New-Born Calf."

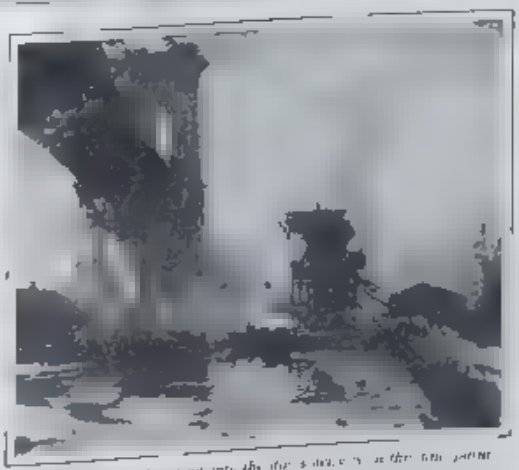
Pittsburgh has this treasure, "The Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester," by Edwin Austin Abbey, whose mural paintings have added to the beauty of so many ...

Copyright, Carnegie Institute

th Seeing in America

nt in her book, which the John Lane Company is to publish.

If you ask the secret of the subtlest Italy painters have sought to picture it but none has so well represented the feeling of vastness and mystery as Lillian Miller does in this picture at the Buffalo Museum.



You feel the sky burning into the water's edge in the two paintings, "Morning on the River" is by a young artist, Jonas Lie, and is owned by the Memorial Museum, Rochester, New York.

Another painter has the soldier or industrial movement as his chosen theme, but a nearly equal interest subject for him, as in the picture in this style of American Steelworks.

American Gothicism. This is one of the most famous works, and was first exhibited in America in 1913. It may be seen in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

The Writing is over the door of the Buffalo Museum and is a very simple picture. The Buffalo Museum owns a very simple room would seem a model for all sense of simplicity is not under the magic brush

hurst. She was a jeweler. "He's looking at the necklace unique."

Amarinth held the necklace up and contemplated it thoughtfully. "Samantha will not be back for several hours," he observed, looking out through the front door at the passing throng. "I think there would be no objection from Mr Amarinth if we should display it in the meantime."

The heavy studded chain was accordingly spread upon the black velvet cushion in the center of the show window. After one discriminating survey of the result, Lozier ordered everything else removed.

"It kills them all," he said.

GAVOCK was still out. Amarinth decided not to leave a message for him but to watch for his return, since he might thus intercept him on his way to luncheon. He felt the need of time to adjust his thoughts to the fact of the genuineness of the necklace. More about the necklace he might still learn from Samantha. If it had a history, the facts might offer some sort of clue. Aside from that his one chance of further information was Gavock.

Amarinth, of course, knew before, was to hear the latter's story cable to Paris for confirmation of it, and, failing to receive it, to confront Gavock with his knowledge and force the truth from him.

Suddenly a familiar voice struck on his ear and peering round the sweep of plate leaves, he caught a glimpse of Sybil Lowther seated at a writing table nearby. She was talking to another girl, who had apparently just greeted her and after a few impersonal remarks departed, leaving Miss Lowther to return to her writing. Watching the latter, Amarinth observed that she glanced up frequently toward the entrance. Suddenly he saw her rise quickly and start forward.

"Why Mr Gavock! Think of seeing you here!"

Amarinth half rose, then dropped back to his seat. It would be better to wait until Gavock had left her.

"Surely you're not stopping here?" Miss Lowther exclaimed presently.

"Didn't I tell you so last night?" Gavock reminded her.

"Last night!" she echoed, her blue eyes widening to their most childlike stare. "I don't know—perhaps you did. You see, I have left unremembered the things I should have remembered, and," she paused an instant and her eyes fell, "have remembered those things I should not have remembered." She smiled and changed the subject. "I just dropped in here to dash off a few notes and to watch the lucky people going in to feed until I got hungry enough to face my humble boarding house luncheon. I didn't eat a bite of breakfast. It was simply too awful a slump from supper last night—wasn't you?"

"Then you ought to be hungry enough to try it again with me."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," Miss Lowther protested reproachfully. "I felt that we were such friends that I could say anything that came into my head."

"We are, but—I must not dine with the star girl's fiancé."

"Well, he'd be a fool to object. If you refuse to—

"Her eyes were narrowed as though, and her breath came and went rapidly, as if from some inner excitement. 'If you give me ten thousand dollars for it?' she faltered."

AMARINTH sprang up. If Gavock was going to have lunch with Sybil Lowther he must try to get a few words with him before. But—he stopped at the thought—a few words would not serve him. Gavock would simply plead the engagement and give him no satisfaction. Perhaps it would be better to wait.

As he reached the door a swing open and admitted a man carrying under one arm a large, flat package which in the awkward swing of the door struck and almost jostled from his grasp. To save it the man's other arm shot out and Amarinth noticed that this arm lacked a hand. The stump managed, however, to shove the package back to its former position of safety.

"Sabe that to be bark dare's"

"I want to see Mr Roger Gavock," said the stranger, scanning the hotel attendant as though he had not heard the order.

The name arrested Amarinth's attention, and unconsciously he paused. The man was shabbily dressed, but his bearing and speech did not suggest a tramp. However, to the guardian of the Cristata portal such distinctions were meaningless. A worn coat and a package were the tradesmen's entrance.

"No packages deliver here," he said sharply, with the air of a police boss.

The man's other arm shot out. "I have a note I want sent up," as he spoke he lowered the package to the ground and let it rest against his leg, then began feeling in a pocket for the note.

"Send it up from the back," snapped the attendant. "Get along now!"

Amarinth hurried out, but not in time to mark the quick flush that swept over the man's thin face. He looked ill, poor chap, thought Guy. And, confound it! he wasn't the sort to be barked at by a porter. It was a repeat he needed to Gavock and have him complain.

But his own concerns were too perplexing and urgent to remain in the background long, and as he hurried off they drove the annoying episode from his thoughts. He looked at his watch. It was too early to return for the necklace, and he had no appetite for food. Gavock would be an hour at least over luncheon.

Amarinth decided to call his office and explain his absence. He was informed that he had just been rung very urgently by Lozier of the firm of Rice & Lozier, jewelers. Lozier had requested that Amarinth communicate with him in person or by phone at once.

Guy hung up the receiver and remained motionless for moments frowning into space. He was conscious of an intolerable nuisance impending. What could Lozier want with him?

"Is it Mr Amarinth?" Excitement in Lozier's voice. He made two starts that came to nothing but finally brought out the information that something most unlooked for, most distressing, had occurred. Someone, in Amarinth's absence, had claimed the necklace that Amarinth had left there for appraisal.

"Claims it! Who claims it?" Amarinth gasped.

"A person who happened to pass a few minutes after I was placed in the window. There followed a stream of apologies for the liberty taken in displaying it, the piece was so beautiful, so rare. It had not occurred to Lozier that—

But Guy cut the flow short. "Who is the man?"

"He refuses to give his name, Sir. He came in first and made a few inquiries about the necklace. We told him that it was not for sale. He went away, and returned in about ten minutes with the Russian Consul, who presented a credentials and entered a formal claim to the necklace as the property of a citizen of Russia. He says that it has been missing for seven years. He says it was stolen in Paris—

Guy's face opened a glib comment, his brain gave no heed. "Well"

Mr Lozier continued, "that as the time of its disappearance it had a pendant attached, a large, black cross that was exceedingly valuable. It is evident that there was a pendant."

"Yes I believe that. What evidence does he say?"

"Nothing. He refuses to give the name of the person for whom he is acting. So I think it would be well to communicate at once with the present owner. You understand, Mr Amarinth, that, his formal claim having been received, it will be impossible for me to return the necklace to you."

"I understand."

"I cannot tell you how deeply I regret—"

But Amarinth had hung up the receiver.

CHAPTER XI

MISS LOWTHER dipped her fingers in the water and found that the water had stood before ice cubes were added and allowed them to linger in the water dabbling it gently and suggesting a reluctance to call the repast that her companion had already ended.

He watched her with a gush of expectation. It was. She was not through with him, of that he was convinced, but just when it was she was to be was not sure. Mystery within the depths of it had been the most [illegible] feature of her method of which all called her strategies. That a crisis now impended she had allowed him to infer [illegible] approximated [illegible] for some reason [illegible] had neglected [illegible] for some reason [illegible] Estes permitted her to accept any thing short of actual money and it was wondering just how far short the diamond on him was likely to fall that drew Sybil's head up a notch.

As she [illegible] took her drooping lashes [illegible] to [illegible] of her [illegible] as she lifted her eyes with a soft glow in [illegible] "I seem too sweet of you to listen to my tale of woe. It's proved your friendship beyond a doubt," she declared.

"Oh then you were testing me!"

She had a smile for his banter—a long, bantering smile, but it waned quickly, and she nodded with grave eyes.

"I'm sorry you thought it necessary," he said lightly.

"I did think so," she said after a moment. "but only because I am going to put your friendship to an even greater test."

"One that you think it won't stand?"

"I don't know."

He waited. She was evidently coming to the point, but he persisted in his determination not to help her reach it.

"I'm sure you will do what I am going to ask," she added presently; "but I am not sure what you may think of me for asking, and you know a nice girl cares so much more about what a friend might think of her than about what an enemy might say."

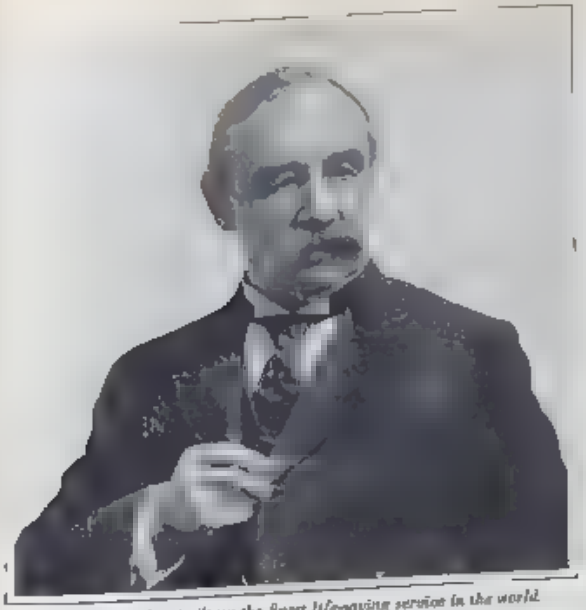
"A nice girl runs no risk either way, does she?" he returned after a moment's reflection.

He regretted the words the instant they were spoken. They were not kind, and she winced a little at their sharpness—more indeed than she appeared to.

"A girl, no matter how nice if she has ambitions to achieve on the stage sometimes has to run risks," she answered.

It took that in silence; but his contrition for his last remark and softened his expression, and she seemed to draw encouragement from his kindly gaze. She surveyed the room swiftly. Only a few people remained, and none were near one. The waiter had been paid, and had withdrawn. From her silk hand-bag she

Continued on page 13



The man who has built up the finest life-saving service in the world

He Has Made You 99% Safe

THE 2,000 men who keep watch and ward along our 10,000 miles of coast—the call him "The Old Man" do Kimball, Life Saver, he has been to the American people during his lifework—and surely no prouder title could ever be bestowed.

First and only superintendent of the Life Saving Service,—for that organization and the Revenue Cutter Service have given up their individualities to form the larger, greater Coast Guard,—Sumner I. Kimball, retiring at the age of eighty, leaves behind him a triple monument—

Efficiency First

First among the forty-three years while he was at the helm of the Life Saving Service the finest life-saving service in the world, an army of 178,000 persons were saved from drowning by his crews.

Second—coincident with this wholesale saving of men, more than $250,000,000 worth of ships and cargoes was saved from loss.

Thirdly, the service stands unrivaled throughout the world. No other country has the coast line and supplies it by its coast guard and supplies it with such a huge and unwieldy life-saving service as our own—no other one so efficient, so economical, so free from graft.

Even the other side of the shield is a tribute,—during all his administration the total number of lives lost in wrecking operations within the scope of the service amounted to less than the toll of life taken by the Titanic alone.

Before Dr. Kimball reached the age of nothing and an idea the service that bears his name, in popular mind at least, there was no coast patrol, no special life-saving drill, no standards appears as of now. Today there are 285 stations, each with its own crew, keeping ceaseless watch over the water and the shoal, the bar and the rocky coast, to lend instant aid to vessels in distress. To the intrepid courage of the boatmen of America Dr. Kimball added the self-bailing, self-righting surfboat, the mortar apparatus, the modern powerboat, and the breeches buoy, the night signals by telephone between station and station, the beach cart, the never-ending competition, the daily drill for a service without which the coast would be worthless. The courage of the desperate alone will not save lives; it needs appliances, good apparatus, the best apparatus, apparatus designed for the work, tested in actual service, built with the exact and never with the approximate.

[illegible] courage and apparatus are not enough [illegible] seamans training, *esprit de corps*, [illegible] a pride in [illegible] his engine company, the soldier in a regiment, the crew in their battleship. This, then, is Superintendent Kimball's great work—not only to [illegible] a spirit in his crews, and taught men not only how to use apparatus, but to apply their courage in the most efficient manner.

Eighty years young, looking sixty feeling, if you ask him, about forty, Sumner I. Kimball took his hands from the helm [illegible] they did when they were of the Life Saving Service.

And it seems probable that if any thought of those whom he was not able to save ever crosses Dr. Kimball's mind, he can take comfort in the thought that [illegible] knowledge of the [illegible] according to statistics, 99.17 per cent chances of being brought safely to shore.

It is true New Bedford, Mr. Fly, it has been on the entire available telephone supply of the world and stayed it in a three-story building at New Bedford.

Where a Murderer Can Play Baseball

They have to play baseball. [illegible] swamp water to fit into any baseball suit.

WARDEN T. S. TYNAN of the Colorado penitentiary recently constructed for his prisoners a modern baseball park, with a fence and all the [illegible] baseball. The schedule of games consists of contests with many civilian teams, and it is his intention to present a live season in the big national game with a number of [illegible] the middle ground of his convicts.

"I will use the [illegible] baseball as an [illegible] to play on the team or [illegible] a [illegible] or [illegible] the [illegible] a baseball [illegible] The [illegible] or [illegible] good a member of the team, and the fan who is recalcitrant will be barred from [illegible]

Movie Fans Make Good

SINCE we have had the [illegible] the prisoners there [illegible] reports of bad behavior [illegible] of attending the movies [illegible] over-run period. [illegible] rather suffer any kind [illegible] abstinent than miss the [illegible] thrown on the screen in [illegible] two weeks.

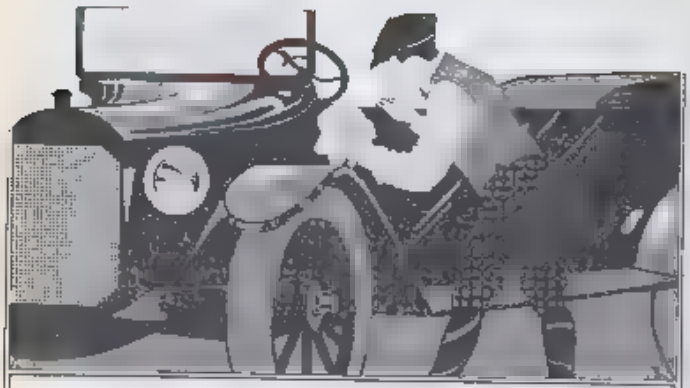
"I shall expect [illegible] disobedient one [illegible] ing pictures. Besides [illegible] rank sheets and other athletic contests for the men."

The appeal of the national sport as it is strong in prison as it is without. When it is made a privilege and the reward of good behavior it becomes a specially effective instrument of reformation.

It is a far shift from the humane methods of Colorado to the antiquated [illegible] and Florida in the [illegible] Florida [illegible] penitentiary and numbers upon baseball's [illegible] sport, especially on Sundays [illegible] noon during recreation hours.

No Fair on This Score

BUT in Florida there is no ball ground with a smooth playing surface and a concrete fence. There the convicts play on the [illegible] stubble, and sometimes in their [illegible] Nearly all the men in the [illegible] their bare feet which [illegible] under the [illegible] daily [illegible] Each [illegible] back and forth from tree to tree as they dip the turpentine, resin, or pitch to fit [illegible] the outlines of a baseball shoe. They [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



Keep Things Bright
WITH
JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

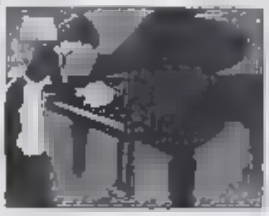
Every family has dozens of uses for J Johnson's Prepared Wax. It is just as necessary around the house as soap is for cleaning and polishing.

The furniture, woodwork and floors
—In Your Home

The body, hood and fenders of automobiles
—In Your Garage

The desks, filing-cases, cabinets, etc.
—In Your Office

It is clean and easy to use and economical. Gives perfect results over any finish, varnish, shellac, oil, etc.



It gives a hard, dry surface as smooth as glass. It protects the varnish and adds years to its life.

Every housewife who takes pride in keeping her home sanitary and in a high state of repair needs Johnson's Prepared Wax.

It imparts a velvety, protecting finish of great beauty and durability. You will find it splendid as a polish for

Floors *Pianos*
Linoleum *Furniture*
Woodwork *Automobiles*

Our new Instruction Book "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture" is just off the press. This is 100% more beautiful and comprehensive than former editions. You will find it full of valuable ideas on home beautifying.

USE COUPON

for a free copy of this book, together with a can of Johnson's Prepared Wax. For sale by all leading hardware, paint and [illegible] stores. Handy Liquid Form.

[illegible] Instruction Book and a [illegible] for obtaining [illegible] and automobile or a small floor

Name

Address

CITY & STATE

Fill in the coupon and mail to
S. C. JOHNSON & SON
"The Wax People" (Address following)
RACINE, WIS. EW.

What Does Your Curve Look Like?

PROFESSOR DUDLEY A. SARGENT of Harvard University has devised a method by which a man's figure may be made to express in almost completeness of detail the physical development of a man or of a woman.

Any more, when a young man comes to him for examination he is able to tell at once by drawing his curve just what kind of sport—rowing, baseball, running, jumping or what not—a applicant is best suited for by nature. "No, my dear sir," he will say, "you will never make a first-class runner, but if you will go in for jumping or lawn tennis, you will excel."

Swimmers and Golfers Have Different Curves

There is a curve for every man and for every [illegible] in the New [illegible] is drawn from the [illegible] of the two human beings [illegible] is drawn from the [illegible] of the same [illegible] is made to [illegible] as long strength, leg strength, [illegible] and the development [illegible] and back.

The curve shows at a glance every detail of the physical makeup of the individual it represents. A series of such curves made to stand for an entire class [illegible] the average of them shown by a single curve, affording opportunity for comparison with any other class. Thus it might [illegible] appear in such a way [illegible] that the class [illegible] was superior in the [illegible] to any other class that had preceded.

Study of such curves has enabled Professor Sargent to determine with scientific accuracy the physical types to be chosen for various sports and exercises. The football player, the [illegible] gymnast, the track athlete, sprinter, hurdler, middle-distance runner, long-distance runner, pole vaulter, developing [illegible] weight [illegible] over the [illegible] over the [illegible] over the

The Only Flyless Town

H

Six Years in the Jungle

A

M

Would This Make You Nervous?

S

Invite your friend to have a glass of

Coca-Cola

Welcome to one who already knows its delicious zest a pleasant surprise to one who drinks it for the first time

THE COCA-COLA CO.

This Island Floats On the Water

"Had I Better Quit Coffee?"

By EDWIN F. [illegible] M.D.

For a Healthy, Happy, Big Baby

Nestle's Food

3½c a Day

For Appearance, Comfort, Service, Choose Holeproof

Holeproof Hosiery

Japanese Rose Bushes Five for 10cts.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES and EVERY WEEK

PAY AS YOU USE

Take months to pay for the big, beautiful Kalamazoo all-metal kitchen cabinet—while enjoying its use and use. Learn a lifetime. Nickeloid kitchen table top. Lipless crystal sugar and measures.

Kalamazoo Cabinets and Tables 6 up Direct From Factory

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

Before you buy any kitchen cabinet, try the Kalamazoo in your own home. Write us. Get our offer to send you one of these fine white-enameled, nickel-trimmed cabinets fully equipped for 30 Days' Trial. We pay freight and guarantee safe delivery. Use the cabinet in your own home 30 days. If not entirely satisfactory return it. It won't cost you a cent. Write for our big, new, art-illustrated kitchen book, giving full information. Ask for catalog No. 20

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Michigan

FREE Color Printed BOOK

The New "ARROW"

Read! Electrically Lighted!

New Motorcycle Type

Write for our new 1913 catalog. Read the wonderful list of improvements and new features. Nothing like this bicycle ever offered before. Other features, too. Send for Catalog. The New Arrow—the most wonderful bicycle value ever built. All sizes for boys, men and women.

Pay as You Ride A small amount down brings you the 1913 Arrow—either a high grade wheel or just a little more than sundries. Write for our liberal terms offer.

WRITE TODAY and get our free catalog of 1913 Arrow and Ranger bicycles. Free bicycle sundries catalog. Write today.

Arrow Cycle Co., Dept. A273, Cullom & 19th Sts., Chicago, Ill.

LEARN TO EARN

Learn salesmanship, children's hairdressing, book-keeping, penmanship, shorthand, typewriting, window trimming, card writing, sign lettering, show card writing, salesmanship, etc., by home correspondence instruction. Many women, as well as men, are earning $15 to $50 weekly. Book, 144 pages, FREE. ELIZABETH KING, 19 G, Station F, New York City.

ORNAMENTAL FENCE

KOKOMO FENCE MACH. CO. 428 North Street, Kokomo, Ind.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO own a good paying Mail Order business? We have been in business for ourselves all the time. Our men report orders all the time. You can start in your home—invest a dollar or two a week and soon have a big business of your own. Particulars free. SARGENT, A1670 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SONG POEMS WANTED

Send us your verses or melodies today. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Write for valuable booklet—it's free. MARKS-GOLDSMITH CO., Dept. 105, Washington, D. C.

ADVERTISING RATES FOR

Every Week

AND

The Associated Sunday Magazines

COMBINATION RATE

Per agate line	$4.00
Quarter page, 180 lines	720.00
Half page, 360 lines	1,440.00
Full page, 720 lines	2,880.00
Back cover page, 6 colors	3,600.00
Center double page, black only	5,400.00
Center double page, 2 colors	

Every Week

RATE

Per agate line	$1.25
Quarter page	562.50
Half page	1,000.00
Full page	

For Advertising Rates apply to

Every Week Corporation

AND

The Associated Sunday Magazines

Incorporated

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

109 NORTH WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

Dishes, Feet, Money, and Germs

ONE new way to wash and wipe dishes is by far the most sanitary and cleanest yet devised. The old way was of course to wash the dishes, rinse them, and wipe with a towel, which was very often greasy or full of dust and germs. Now the dishes are washed with hot water and soap, then rinsed with a stream of cold or lukewarm water, then turned upside down or sidewise to drain, while a stream of air from an electric fan is turned on them. In this way the dishes and tumblers do not come into contact with hands or towel after washing, and so bear no finger marks, particles of lint, or dust from the towel, and very few germs of any kind.

Money Loaded with Germs

THE two things to which can be traced nearly all transportation of germs from outside into the house (except of course flies and other insects) are probably the feet and pieces of money. All the money we receive has probably passed through numerous hands in the preceding twenty-four hours. The calculation of chances will show that only a small percentage of these people had clean hands, and statistics will show that many people always have some contagious disease. As the hand is the only general tool possessed by humanity (for scratching, dressing, etc.), it is safe to assert that on many of the money-touched hands germs abide, and consequently that on practically all the money we handle there exist numerous bad germs.

Gum a Germ Storehouse

THE feet are the most democratic parts of the body,—they will go anywhere and trample in anything, and bring it to the house and deposit it on the carpet or floor. Later someone will sweep the floor and the dust on which the germs reside will be thrown into the air, to be breathed by the occupants of the house. Think about where the feet traced during a day! They certainly step on anything on the sidewalk too small to be particularly noticed. And the no-expectoration ordinance of cities is very hard to enforce. Pieces of chewing gum thrown down into the street are veritable storehouses for germs of all kinds, and this stuff certainly has a capacity for sticking to the feet. The only precautions possible about this danger are never to throw gum in the street yourself, to have a good mat (which in turn must be cleaned frequently) to rub your feet on before entering the house and when going out if you have sickness, and to use a vacuum cleaner instead of a broom in cleaning house.

Sewell Ford

Torchy and Shorty McCabe

whose adventures have made them the most popular heroes of American fiction, will appear regularly hereafter in

EVERY WEEK

My Advice Is—Use

UPSON BOARD

I've built and remodeled a good many houses in my day, and I know you couldn't have a better lining for walls and ceilings than Upson Board.

Better than plaster? I've seen plaster walls crack a week after they were put up. But Upson Board will last as long as your house itself. Be sure to demand

UPSON BOARD PROCESSED BOARD UPSON BOARD

Refuse inferior imitations. Upson Processed Board possesses every good quality of other boards, and five vitally important, superior and exclusive features of its own!

Upson Board is surface filled at the factory. This saves you at least $5.00 per room because no priming coat is necessary.

Upson Board saves you at least another $5.00 per room because a single coat of paint will often finish it smoothly and evenly, while two coats will always do it. Ordinary boards, being soft, literally "drink" the paint in spots and require two, three and often four coats in addition to the priming coat.

Upson Board is KILN CURED, which takes all excess moisture out of it. This thorough seasoning minimizes shrinkage and expansion.

Upson Board cuts with a smooth edge, like a piece of white wood, and its edges do not split open readily as do those of ordinary wall board. Upson Board is therefore handled, sawed and applied quickly, easily and inexpensively.

Ordinary leaks have little or no effect on Upson Board because it is thoroughly WATERPROOFED.

Use wall board by all means, but to be sure of absolute future satisfaction, demand UPSON BOARD.

Mail back the coupon NOW for painted sample and descriptive booklet.

If there is no dealer in your town we will make it easy for you to buy direct from us.

THE UPSON COMPANY
FIBRE BOARD AUTHORITIES
10 UPSON POINT LOCKPORT, N.Y.

Dealers will find Upson products to get in touch with us. The Upson sales policy is permanently fair and square. It protects the jobber and dealer.

The Upson Co., 10 Upson Pt., Lockport, N.Y.
Send me painted sample of Upson Board and interesting booklet—free. All I am interested in using Upson Board for
Name
Address

LOOK FOR THE TRUE BLUE CENTER

Better Bicycle Tires For Less Money

$2.48 Each Smooth Tread
$2.75 Non-Skid

It is no longer necessary to pay as high as $4.25 to get the best in bicycle tires.

Goodyear-Akron tires will give you longest wear and greatest mileage and satisfaction they cost but $2.48 each for smooth tread or $2.75 for non-skid. We give you the tremendous saving through wonderful factory efficiency. Goodyear-Akron cost more for material than most tires selling at nearly twice their price. But our wonderful factory organization makes our manufacturing cost far lower.

Besides, we are content with a very small profit. So you get those leading tires at prices that have never before been approached.

Up to 10,000 Tires a Day

Goodyear-Akron Tires are built in a factory whose output runs as high as 10,000 pneumatic tires in a single day. They are made with the same care that won leadership for Goodyear Automobile Tires and Goodyear Motorcycle Tires. Small wonder, then, that Goodyear-Akron bring greater value at lower price.

ASK YOUR DEALER. Responsible dealers will always get Goodyear-Akron for you from our nearest branch when they have none in stock. They know that you cannot appreciate the value of these tires for less than $4.25. Our prices are the same everywhere—$2.48 each for smooth tread, $2.75 for non-skid. Accept no substitute.

GOOD YEAR AKRON

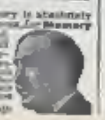
THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires (2240)

How One Pair of Pigeons Earned Me One Thousand Dollars

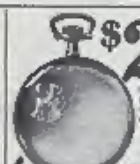
PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 250 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

STOP FORGETTING

Good memory is absolutely essential to success for Memory in Power. Test your memory. I will send you free my Little Memory Manual and Catalogue, that tells how Dickson Memory School trains you by mail. Write today. Address Dickson Memory School, 956 Searl Building, Chicago.



$2.50 a Month



The masterpiece of watch manufacture—adjusted to the second, positions, temperature and isochronism. Encased at factory into your choice of the extensive new watch cases.

19 Jewel Burlington

All sizes for men and women.

The great Burlington Watch sent on simple request. Pay at rate of $2.50 a month. You get the watch at once even the wholesale jeweler must pay.

Write Today for Free Watch Book

The handsome color illustrations of all the newest designs in watches that you have to choose from. Your name and address on a postcard is enough. Get this offer while it lasts. Write today.

Burlington Watch Co. Dept. A273, 19th & Marshall Blvd. Chicago

My Corns

Were Ended This Way

Countless women have told other women about **Blue-jay** plasters. Now a million corns a month are ended in this scientific way.

Women who know **Blue-jay** do not suffer corns. When one appears, they put a **Blue-jay** plaster on it. That ends the pain. In 48 hours the corn is gone forever, with no soreness left.

If you can't believe it, ask your friends. Half of them have probably ended corns with **Blue-jay**. If you still doubt it, ask us for samples. Try them on corns of your own.

Don't coddle corns. Don't pare and keep them. Don't use old-time treatments. A famous chemist has made corns utterly unnecessary. That sort of torture is a thing of the past.

Blue-jay
Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Samples Mailed Free

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

$3,000.00 IN ONE YEAR

This Launch of Yours With Make Several Hundred Dollars Profit
TAKEN AUTO SOLD MEANS MORE TIRES TO MEND.
MATHEWS TIRE AND EQUIPMENT CO.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Make it repairing automobile tires. Tremendous and increasing use summer. Tires need retreading and vulcanizing.

Auto tire repair outfit complete, Vulcanizer, Steam Stover and instruction book and booklet explaining. Easy, quick, profitable. 7 made as high as $28 profit in one day. Spare time for others. Write today. Ask for free catalog.

The "REAL" Keens Them All

Found with Grain Leather Strop. Specially treated for sharpening Gillette, Durham Duplex, Ever Ready, Gem, Star and other Safety Razor Blades, as well as all old-style Jack Knives.

AGENTS! DEMONSTRATORS! 100% profit in this for you. Write quick for prices and territory. Send $1.40 for sample. Money back if not what we say.

CANTON RAZOR STROP CO.
787 Cook Street Canton, Ohio

FREE LIST OF NAMES with your membership. Exchange your picture with members of The Photo Exchange. We supply 100 Post Cards with your picture printed on them. Get acquainted with and see Young Men and Ladies all over the country. **Write today.** Send stamp for details and full particulars to

The PHOTO EXCHANGE
2 Beecher Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.

Killed By the Score

Thief's Black Flag is proof against burglars, fire, tampering with locks, and many other dangers. Used by thousands of banks, stores, and private homes. Used by Government for 50 years. Also protects valuables. Has 9 to 60 hour time-lock. A little goes a long way.

SOLD ONLY IN SEALED BOTTLES, in 25 and 50c. EVERYWHERE, or

BLACK FLAG, 248 Third Cambrid Street, Boston, Mass.

FREE—Burglar Story Book, "The Tragedies of Mrs. Nash."

"Only Part of Me Job," Says Boyle

He was too feeble to do more than tend a gate crossing; but he was strong enough to save a man's life.

"TELL me," I said to the vice president of one of the great railroads, "haven't you got a man in your organization, an obscure, outheard of man, who in spite of his obscurity has proved himself a hero none the less?"

For answer the busy man reached into a drawer of his desk and handed me the cheap postcard picture reproduced here.

"That's Tom Boyle," he said, "and you'll find him tending a railroad crossing out in Danville, Illinois. Tom came across here years ago with the great army of sturdy Irishmen who stretched our railroads out across the land. When he grew too old to work we gave him a job tending the gates.

"A few weeks ago a train pulled across Tom Boyle's street, stopped, and began backing slowly down again. Boyle lowered his gates and stood steady with the warning flag. Suddenly he looked up to see lurching across the tracks from the other side a half-blind old man. Unconscious of the threatening danger, he moved straight across the tracks until he stood almost within the shadow of the approaching train. An instant more and nothing could have saved him; but in that instant old, wrinkled Tom Boyle acted. With no thought of his own safety, he flung himself upon the old man with the leap of a panther, and the two rolled together across the track. The train crashed down and past them, and they picked themselves up out of the dust unhurt.

"We heard about Tom Boyle's heroism down here in New York, and sent out to reward him for it. But he would have no reward. 'It's all a part of me job,' he said.

"You asked me for an obscure hero," concluded the big man. "Will Tom Boyle do?"

And I told him Tom Boyle would.

Is the Smallest Income Always Safest?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Next week Mr. Atwood will answer the question:
"What Shall I Do with My First $1,000?"

IT is a mistake to be contented with too low a rate of interest on your money, just as it is a mistake to strive for too high a return. A reader wants to know if there are any safe investments to pay 8%.

"I have heard," he says, "that in some States one can obtain 8% and even 10% with safety. Is that possible?"

Yes, it is possible; but extremely careful discrimination is necessary if one goes above 7%. Enormous returns often spell danger; but 4% on one's money, or even a uniform rate of no more than 5%, may mean only sluggishness and unwillingness to look around a bit.

It is no uncommon thing for low interest-bearing investments to turn out badly (witness New Haven stock, which sold above 200 and paid 8%). The truth is that low interest rates do not by any means always indicate real underlying safety. They are just as likely to mean that the company is widely known, big, and near at hand. Low rates mean in many cases that such safety as a company possesses has become so familiar to thousands of investors that the demand for the stock or bond has driven the price up, and consequently pushed the net interest return down. What the energetic and thrifty investor will do is to search out a business that is *actually* safe, but the *knowledge* of which has not become a matter of course in general public estimation.

Don't Judge by Popularity

A GREAT error that so many fall into is to judge securities by their popularity. If you wait until bonds or stocks are popular, you will have to pay more for them, just as you must pay more for this year's hat than you do for a headgear that is just as good, but no longer in style. Of course it is easier to pick out a well known investment than one not so familiar. But any reliable investment banker will gladly recommend securities not yet brought to wide public notice, but in which he has invested his own money, after making an expert legal, engineering, and auditing investigation.

Then too, far higher rates of interest are to be had in Western and Southern States than in the East. Of course the West is relatively new, and the South is relatively poor and too much of a one-crop section. But any person of commonsense is well aware that innumerable prosperous enterprises exist outside the New England and the Atlantic and Middle States. Investment prejudices are slow to change. Because money was lost in Western farm mortgages in the '70's many New York and New England investors will have nothing to do with them now; although conditions have entirely changed.

7% Bonds with a Fine Record

IT takes a long time to put new things "on the map"; although they may really be better than the old. For example, there are the street improvement bonds issued by cities in California, such as Los Angeles, which pay 7%, and have a fine record. If they were as well known as railroad stocks, and mentioned every day in Stock Exchange reports, they would not be selling to pay anything like 7%.

Laziness costs a lot of money when it comes to investments. The lazy man can pick out a safe security to pay 4% or 5% without much trouble; but the man who is willing to look around a little is sure to win out with just as much security and a lot more interest return. The great West and South are full of splendid opportunities. Of course only a fool will send his hard-earned dollars to a new, fly-by-night town that has no real justification for permanent existence. Those who find a reliable banker in one of the bustling, growing, well founded cities of the South or West can make their money earn from 6% to 7% instead of only two-thirds or three-quarters of that amount.

Sent FREE for Trial
Express Prepaid

Enjoy This Refrigerator Basket at Our Expense. Fine for Motoring, Picnics, Vacations, Travel.

Hawkeye
Refrigerator Basket

Take this wonderful lunch basket on your next outing and you'll thank us for suggesting it. Once you use a Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket you'll never again be without its comfort. It keeps daintiest lunches fresh, appetizing and clean. No dust, no germs, no insects. Ice-cooled—but non-leaking. Light weight—hand made.

Write us and we'll send the Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket on our liberal Free Trial Offer. Use it 10 days—keep it or return it—if you are delighted send us only $5.00 for No. 1 number or $6.25 for No. 1 Tonneau. Some more—some less. Remit for folder U describing them all.

Burlington Basket Factory, Burlington N. E., Iowa

FREE "Linene" COLLAR

State size or name and whether you want collar this end or side fastener style.

Reversible Collar Co., Dept. X, Boston, Mass.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search as to patentability. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 8 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and heeds it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once.

E. G. & J. B. LACEY, Dept. W, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Bowlegs Makes Bow Legs and Knock Knees Look Straight 30 Days Free
CAVANAGH BROS., Pottsville Pa

Superstitions About Sharks

NOT a few of the Hawaiians still believe that sharks can help them, especially when they are fishing or swimming, or if about to drown. Many still regard the shark as possessing supernatural powers. More than one Hawaiian family even today clings to the belief in some special shark as the family deity—or perhaps it would be better to describe the shark's role as that of guardian angel.

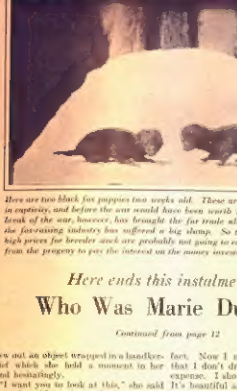
Some Hawaiians believe that down at the beach, before they eat anything, they should set aside a dish for their shark. If they should forget, they will either be drowned or else not be able to catch any fish.

If one fishes and does not get anything, he calls to the shark and tells it that certain kinds of fish are wanted. The shark will disappear, and a school of fish will be seen coming after the bait or into the net. Then the fisher is satisfied; but the shark too must have some.

If a person wants to go swimming, the shark god must be told. Sometimes the swimmer almost drowns, and is saved only by calling for the aid of the friendly shark. Some rescuing sharks take the rescued to the shore, others take them clear to their homes. Sometimes the shark worshipers forget about their shark gods, and when they are drowned the sharks come and weep.

Occasionally a man or woman is seen sitting out in deep water. They are neither on a rock nor in a boat, but are perched on a shark's back fishing. When through the person turns the reins toward the shore and rides to the land; for such a shark is muzzled and bridled and can be led about by reins.

If a man or woman is angry at anybody, they call the guardian shark and tell him to go and eat the enemy or to destroy the enemy's boat. Sometimes the two sharks will fight till one of them is killed.



Here are two black fox puppies two weeks old. These are improved stock raised in captivity, and before the war would have been worth $1,500 apiece. The outbreak of the war, however, has brought the fur trade almost to a standstill, and the fur-raising industry has suffered a big slump. So this year men who paid high prices for breeder stock are probably not going to realize more than enough from the progeny to pay the interest on the money invested.

Here ends this instalment of

Who Was Marie Dupont?

Continued from page 12

drew out an object wrapped in a handkerchief which she held a moment in her hand hesitatingly.

"I want you to look at this," she said presently. "But please don't take the covering off entirely. If anyone saw it—"

SHE passed the thing across to him, and he lowered it beneath the level of the table before lifting the handkerchief. Within he found a large Greek cross studded with emeralds and diamonds. His eyes flew back in here with swift surprise and inquiry.

"What do you think of it?" she asked eagerly.

"Think of it!" he echoed, staring again at the jewels. "Is it yours?"

"It's been in our family for years. That's why I can't bear the idea of selling it."

"But surely you're not thinking of such a thing!"

She leaned forward. "I have to have money, Mr. Gavock. I must have money at once. What I hoped was that you would lend me some and take this as security."

"What is its history?" he asked.

"There are all sorts of stories told about it. My mother's family left France to escape religious persecution. Money and jewels were all they were able to take with them. This is the last of the jewels."

"It is very handsome."

"Oh, they were a very rich and distinguished family—the De Ceux."

"De Ceux? Not the De Ceux of Tourraine?"

"Yes."

"Indeed! You are of that family?" He leaned forward eagerly. "I know the present Duke quite well. Really this is most interesting."

His eyes returned to the cross in his hand. She bit her lip nervously.

"You see what a small place this world is," she said, "and that I was wise to get your promise of secrecy."

SINCE I am sworn to secrecy," Gavock answered, "won't you let me into the family history a little further? This cross interests me exceedingly."

"Will you give me ten thousand dollars for it?" she faltered.

He laughed and stared in blank incredulity. The sum she mentioned was absurd; she could not be serious.

"Is it too much?" she questioned.

"Too much! My dear child, it's too little—far, far too little! Is it possible that your people had no idea of its value all these years?"

She shook her head.

"Well, that was fortunate for you; for you probably owe its possession to the fact. Now I need not tell you, I hope, that I don't drive bargains at a friend's expense. I should like to own this cross. It's beautiful and rare, and it would interest me to trace its history. It is not French—that much I know. That the De Ceux should have owned it strikes me as very curious."

He was again intent on the jewels, and missed the furtive glance she shot at him before inquiring, "Why?"

"Because it's a Greek cross, and the De Ceux are the most Catholic of Catholics. Some old dignitary of the early Greek Church must have worn this on state occasions. The enameling on the back suggests rather the Byzantine—"

He broke off suddenly and looked at her sharply. "If you really mean to sell, the proper way will be to have an expert opinion as to the value."

"An expert?" she repeated.

"Yes. Take it to Tiffany's."

"Oh, no! I wouldn't like to do that," she said nervously.

"Would you like me to take it for you?" he asked.

She did not reply at once, but seemed to consider the matter. "You're very kind," she said at length. "But I don't believe I want to sell it after all. It's been in our family so long, and I—"

"I wouldn't dream of urging you," he interrupted. "I quite understand how you feel; so we'll say no more about it. I shall be glad to lend you whatever sum you require."

He had wrapped the handkerchief about the cross, and now held it out to her. But she refused to take it.

"I can't borrow from you unless you do. And I need the money dreadfully," she pleaded.

"Oh, if you make it an absolute condition," he began.

"I do—I must!" she put in.

"In that case I must yield, of course." He held the cross a moment longer before her; but as a gesture of refusal he slipped it into an inner pocket of his coat. "I shall put it in my safe deposit drawer, and you shall have it back whenever you like. Shall you care to the lounge now? I can write you a check there."

SHE hesitated, then after a moment, "I would rather not have a check, Mr. Gavock. I should have to cash it, and it would look so—so odd. Oh, a girl has to think of that! The men in banks have imaginations—and tongues."

"As you like," he agreed. "I can probably get the cash here at the office—that is, if the amount is not too large." He paused with a glance of inquiry.

"I need it—a thousand dollars."

He gave her a keen look. The false note in her voice stopped his ears. She had been going to ask for five hundred dollars, and had suddenly doubled the amount. He acquiesced with a short nod, but as they walked together from the room he questioned himself, disturbed by vague doubts.

AS they crossed the lobby Gavock felt his companion give a start. Involuntarily he looked at her. The next moment he saw her bow in recognition of an acquaintance, and following her glance he observed coming down a short distance away raising his hat. The sweeping scrutiny with which the stranger favored him in passing caused Gavock to frown in turn, and he noted a longish face with Vandyke beard, flashing black eyes, and fine, straight nose,—handsome, in the Mephistophelian, hardly prepossessing, style.

The incident was momentary. Miss Lowther made no comment; but Gavock felt sure that small, white teeth were pressed deep into her lower lip. Had the encounter with her young friend been not altogether a "fine thing" he wondered.

At the entrance to the lounge he halted. "Will you wait for me here? I may have to go to my safe deposit box. There probably banks nearby; or it ought not take more than ten minutes or so."

"I will be here," she said, adding with a gesture, "over there behind those palms."

He nodded and left her.

To be continued next week

Copyright, 1913, Every Week Corporation, John H. Hoeber, President; J. F. Sesselmann, Vice President; Bruce Barton, Secretary; R. M. Hoeber, Treasurer; ENTERED AT N. Y. Equitable office, 30 Montgomery Street, Jersey City, N. J., as second-class matter under Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription for entire U. S. and possessions, $1.50 a year. Application for entry as second-class matter at the postoffice at BROOKLYN, N. Y., pending.

The Next Important Thing for You to do—

Mail this Coupon Today

DON'T wait for accident or sickness to come to you. One man in seven was killed or injured last year by accident. Many thousands of our policy-holders were laid up by illness. Don't take chances. Look out now while you can. Make things easier for yourself and yours when the accident or sickness does come. Read this letter from a woman in Ohio—"I don't know what I would have done if my husband had not carried your policy. It is all I have to raise the children on while he is sick. I have seven—the oldest only 16." How about *your* wife?

ÆTNA-IZE

A sudden attack of typhoid—an ulcerated throat—a quick grippe followed by pneumonia—an operation for appendicitis—you don't know when you are going to be sick. As for accidents, consider the manager of the department store in Atlanta who fell on a bolt of cloth; the lumberman who had a log roll over his body; the engineer and the girl in Dallas, Texas, whose clothing caught fire from the exhaust of a motorcycle motor—or the man in Providence, R. I., who was injured by a passing lunatic.

These are not exceptions. We note such things every day as the demands for weekly indemnities come in. Things that seem absurd, but they may put a man in bed for six months.

Protect Yourself With An Accumulative Disability Policy

If you are totally disabled by any ordinary accident, one of our policies will pay you $25 a week as long as you live, or till a week if you are disabled by a railway, steamship, elevator or burning building accident. And if you are sick with any illness that confines you to the house, we will pay you $25 a week for a year. And if you are a God your wife will get from $5,000 to $10,000.

If you lose two limbs or both eyes we will pay you $5,000 to $10,000. Half as much for one hand, foot or eye.

Send the coupon. That costs nothing and it may save you the loss of a limb.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Dept. 1351 HARTFORD, CONN.
The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance

Agents: Opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding Lines

Starrett Tools for all Mechanics

No. 36 Lock Joint Tongue Calipers
Sizes 4"—24"
Prices $1.25—$4.25

Machinists, carpenters, electricians, sheet metal workers, and all other mechanics who work with tools and handle fine work, will find Starrett tools suited to their needs. Starrett tools are made of the finest steel that money can buy, and are used by good mechanics everywhere. Starrett Hacksaw Blades, Combination Squares, protractors, micrometers, dividers, scribers, hammers, punches, files, chisels, screwdrivers, rules, tool chests, chucks and many other tools are described in the Starrett catalog, issued semi-annually. It is a mechanic's guide and handbook about tools.

You can buy Starrett tools at any good hardware store.

Send for the 192 page catalog No. 20 and a 32 page booklet about tools. Both free.

THE L. S. STARRETT CO., Athol, Mass.
World's Greatest Toolmakers 45 also

INCREASE YOUR INCOME
$25.00 A WEEK

PLEASE MFG. CO. Inc.
Dept. 1 Freeport, Ill., U. S. A.

$2.00 and You Get This Superb Cornet

WURLITZER Free Band Catalog!

BIG PROFITS TO RIDER AGENTS

Are You A June Bride?

Don't wait until you are an expert cook or a graduate of a school of domestic science. Don't wait until you have learned the art of baking good bread, or the science of controlling a refractory husband—just say "yes" to him right away, and remember you have a friend in

Shredded Wheat

a food that is ready-cooked and can be served in a deliciously appetizing way without any knowledge of culinary art.

You can bring joy to the head of the household and gladden the heart of the Summer guest by serving Shredded Wheat Biscuit with strawberries or other fruits. Heat the Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness, cover them with strawberries, prepared as for ordinary serving, and serve with cream or sugar. Make it your Summer "meat" and note the increasing mental buoyancy and physical vigor.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit is a simple, natural, elemental food, containing no yeast, no baking powder or chemicals of any kind—just the pure whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked. Two Biscuits, served with milk or cream, make a complete, nourishing, satisfying meal at a total cost of five or six cents. Triscuit is the Shredded Whole Wheat Wafer, eaten as a toast with butter, soft cheese or marmalades.

The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.